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HYMNS

FOR

CHRISTIAN DEVOTION;

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO

THE UNIVERSALIST DENOMINATION.

BY J. G. ADAMS AND E. H. CHAPIN.

BOSTON:
ABEL TOMPKINS.
1847.

PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public, the compilers would say, that they do not intend it as a rival of any other Hymn Book already in existence; but, if advancement in the light of other good works be allowable, as an improvement on them all. Although evidently designed in one sense for a denomination, they have also intended that it shall answer in some measure the demands of a liberal and progressive Christianity — a Christianity, under whatever name or pretension found, that would diffuse Christ's spirit and do his works of truth and love among men.

We have sought to give variety in these Hymns; to have the number ample enough; and while cautious in reference to their literary character, to select those of a devotional tendency, rather than those chiefly commendable for their poetical excellence. We have intended also to pay due respect to the old Hymns so justly familiar with those of every age among our worshippers, while we have not been unmindful of the new claimants of public favor.

It will be perceived that there is a greater variety of Hymns on several topics than in most other Hymn Books now in use among us; especially in reference to the philanthropic nature of our religion, and the peculiar indications of this nature in the present age. In the department of the book entitled "Triumph of Christianity," faithfulness in representing this great truth is designed. In all instances where the authorship of a hymn could be ascertained, it has been given. Of a few hymns, however, taken from a copy of the new Cambridge Unitarian Hymn Book, kindly handed us in sheets, it was not known whether they were original or not. They appear in this book, therefore, in company with quite a number of original ones, without any special mark thus to designate them.

To the friends who have so kindly aided us, by suggestions or contributions, we return our sincere thanks; and to the Christian public do we now humbly dedicate this work, invoking the blessing of God upon its use, and praying that it may be welcomed by many souls seeking the aids and blessings of Christian devotion.

J. G. Adams,
Boston, August 1, 1846. E. H. Chapin.

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PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

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1. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God! to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee,
'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our pray'rs,
Infinite and Holy One!

2. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Solemn Invocation.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou all gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

3. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

4. L. M. WATTS.

Public Worship.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people; we his care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

5. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Same.

1 O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
With joy and fear devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall!

6. L. M. WATTS.

"How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

1 GREAT GOD! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee, on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our Sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way;
All needful grace he will bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.

4 O God! our king, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Thy willing servants may we be,
For blest are they who trust in thee.

7. C. M. EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease.
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

8. C. M. CODMAN'S COLL.

The Blessing of the Sabbath.

1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

9. C. M. MRS. FOLLEN.

Love of Sabbath Service.

1 How sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 't is given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

10. L. M. 61. MRS. STEELE.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

1 GREAT GOD, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers.
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life dispensed to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast.
May every ear the call obey;
Be every heart a humble guest;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.

4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

11. C. M. H. WARE, Jr.

Invoking God's Aid.

1 FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3 O, help me break the galling chains,
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

4 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

12. H. M. HAYWARD.

Invocation for Lord's Day Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
We hail thy glad return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face.
O let us feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

13. C. P. M. DAY.

Attendance on Worship.

1 I'LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light;
And at the close of every day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.

2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ:
The day that saw my Saviour rise
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.

3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
I 'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my exalted Lord;
And, while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I 'll pursue,
And meditate his word.

14. S. P. M. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

15. 8 & 7s. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Divine Love.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

16. L. M. PIERPONT.

Universal Worship.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son,
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

17. C. M. PRESBYTERIAN COLL.

Prayer for special Favor.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

18. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
Send your admiring thoughts, by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quickening grace:
'T is he that spreads the heavens abroad,
Whose presence fills the place.

19. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Delight of Worship.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 't is a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within thy temple-door;
While young and old in many a band
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Within these walls be peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

20. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

Call to the House of Prayer.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet you there—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

21. H. M. WATTS.

Delight in Public Worship.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Throughout these mortal years,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

22. 7S. HAMMOND.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

23. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

For Opening or Close of Service.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

24. L. M. 61. HEBER.

Seeking Refuge.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

25. 11s. M. EDMESTON.

The House of God.

1 THERE 's a refuge of peace from the tempests that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, the wild wind that blows ;
A holy, a sweet and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.

2 'T is the house of my God, 't is the dwelling of prayer,
The temple all hallowed by blessing and praise ;
If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me, there
My heart to the throne of his grace I can raise.

3 For a refuge like this, ah, what praises are due !
For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair :
Ah, why are the seasons of worship so few ?
And why are so seldom the meetings of prayer ?

26. 8 & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

27. C. M. NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

28. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

Preparation for Worship.

1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

29. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

"Hallowed be Thy name."

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

30. S. M. URWICK'S COLL.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

31. C. M. WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

32. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

A Blessing sought.

1 Again our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

33. L. M. TATE & BRADY

Public Worship.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we 'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt cleanse the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

34. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Truth and Love.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

35. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Invoking a Blessing.

1 LORD! when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O forgive!

2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

36. 7s. M. 6l. J. NEWTON.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

1 SAFELY through another week
Thou hast brought us on our way;
Let us now thy blessing seek,
Waiting in thy courts to-day:
Day, of all the week the best—
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand:
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand,
May we not forgetful be,
Nor ungrateful, Lord, to thee.

3 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

37. L. M. BOWRING.

Evening Worship.

1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light!
How shall we all thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer,—
That heaven so bright with stars and suns—
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore thee, God sublime!
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space,
O how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light!
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, here within thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

38. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

1 O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here,—
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

39. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Lowly Praise.

1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given!
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

40. L. M. M. W. HALE.

The Day of Rest.

1 THIS day let grateful praise ascend
To thee, our Father, and our Friend,
Thee, Author of this holy light,
Thee, throned in boundless power and might.

2 O, let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven;
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

3 Grant that our earthly Sabbaths be
But dawnings of eternity,
To shadow forth the glorious rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

41. L. M. BATHURST.

Improvement of the Sabbath.

1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
O, let us, then, his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our grovelling thoughts employ,
But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

42. S. M. BULFINCH.

Sabbath Worship.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

43. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Delights of the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

44. L. M. RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

45. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Devout Worship of God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy Spirit gave;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?
Who, but our God, has power to save?

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

46. S. M. WATTS.

The Sabbath Welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

47. S. M. WATTS.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

48. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above—
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

3 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

49. L. M. NEWTON.

The Lord's Day.

1 How welcome to the soul, when pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides us from the world awhile!

2 How happy they, whose lot is cast
Where Christ invites the "weary" yet;
They find their sorrows quickly past,
And all their burdens soon forget.

3 Though pinched with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

4 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
And here thy promised presence seek;
Open thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

50. L. M. BUTCHER.

Christian Worship.

1 FATHER of all! where shall we find
A temple suited to thy praise?
To thee, the uncreated Mind,
What earthly altar shall we raise?

2 We 'll call a multitude around,
And gladly seek the house of prayer;
There thy salvation we have found,
And still, O God, we 'll seek it there.

3 From breast to breast the holy flame
Shall kindle round the sacred place:
At once we 'll hymn our Father's name,
At once we 'll seek our Father's face.

4 There, heavenly Father, condescend
To meet us with peculiar love;
And when the hymns of earth shall end,
We 'll give thee nobler hymns above.

51. L. M. POPE'S COLL.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER! adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
And, as we in thy kindness share,
Let fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore!

52. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Mutual Invitation.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their mem'ry e'er efface.

4 O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

53. C. M. MILTON.

"The Lord God is a Sun and Shield." Ps. 84.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

3 They pass through sorrow's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, wat'ry dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

54. L. M. SALISBURY COLL.

House of God.

1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power;
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings! may thy praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face—
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

55. L. M. NEW YORK COLL.

Sabbath Day.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

56. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Introduction to Evening Worship.

1 On the first Christian Sabbath eve,
When his disciples met
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scripture yet,—

2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,—
The form in which he died;
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,—
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And hailed him, yet with fear;—
Jesus, again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here.

4 Be in our midst; let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say, "Peace be unto you!"

57. C. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

58. L. M. STENNETT.

Sabbath Morning.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures—pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

59. 7s. M. MISS H. F. GOULD

The Sabbath.

1 CHOICE of God, thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

2 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest!

60. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

61. L. M. WATTS.

Sabbath on Earth and in Heaven. Ps. 92.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine.
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And, raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

62. C. P. M. MERRICK.

The Sabbath and the Earthly Temple.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

63. C. M. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

64. L. M. HEBER.

The Worship of Earth and Heaven.

1 HOSANNA! Lord, thine angels cry:
Hosanna! Lord, we hear reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

2 O Father! with protecting care
Meet us in this, thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Messiah's name,
Thy promised blessing here we claim.

3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! let thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

65. L. M. WATTS.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Ps. 141.

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer, my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

66. L. M. WATTS.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their Strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join the nobler worship there.

67. L. M. C. ROBBINS.

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

1 WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak!
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that Thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred:
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

68. H. M. ROMAN BREVIARY.

For a Blessing on Worship.

1 HERE, gracious God! do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, on all who pray,
This holy day, thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore:
Until that day, when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

69. L. M. SUN. SCHOOL H. B.

Sabbath Hymn.

1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind to pray,
To praise thy name and hear thy word.

2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

70. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD

The Worship of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

71. 7s. M. SUN. SCHOOL H. B

Sunday Evening.

1 SACRED day, forever blest!
Day of all our days the best!
Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
Free from toil, fatigue, and care!

2 Happy, truly happy, Lord,
Those who hear and read thy word!
Happy those who dwell with thee!
Who thy grace and glory see.

3 We once more have heard thy voice,
Lord, in thee our souls rejoice;
Borne by faith to worlds on high,
Called to reign above the sky.

4 Though this day of rest we close,
Still in thee our hearts repose;
Guide and guard us all our days:
O may all our lives be praise!

72. 7s. M. 6l. J. TAYLOR.

Invitation to pure Worship.

1 AT the portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,

Songs of praise, and fervent prayers.
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way;
To their feet thy light afford.
Let the world unite to raise
Solemn harmonies of praise.

73. L. M. 61. C. WESLEY.

Worship in spirit and in truth.

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face:
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake and stir us up to pray;
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

74. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Subjection to the Father of Spirits.

1 ETERNAL Source of light and thought!
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise:
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

3 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe, and filial love.

75. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Public Worship.

1 GOD in his temple let us meet,
In spirit, low before him bend:
Here he hath fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face:
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array:
Joyful thy favored people be:
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to thee!

76. L. M. 61. DRYDEN.

The Divine Spirit implored.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night!
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul!
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

77. L. M. J. WESLEY.

"The healthful spirit of God's grace."

1 SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power!
Fountain of light and love below!
Abroad thy healing influence shower;
On all thy servants let it flow.

2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil:
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father! 't is thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

4 On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need:
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

78. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Life dedicated to God.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through the checkered road,
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

79. 7s. M. S. F. Smith.

Sabbath Evening.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

80. L. M. Anonymous.

Close of Worship. Evening.

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day,
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

81. C. M. CAPPE'S SEL.

Prayer for Divine Direction.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey 's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God.

82. 8s. 7s. & 4s. JAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

83. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

After Divine Service.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O, may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

84. 8 & 7s. M. BICKERSTETH.

Closing Hymn.

1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

85. 7s. M. PEABODY'S COLL.

Closing Supplication.

1 FATHER! bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful may it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call,
May thy people grow in love.

2 Father, bid the world rejoice;
Send thy heavenly truth abroad;
May the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

86. C. M. BP. HEBER.

"The Seed is the Word of God."

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

87. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"God giveth the Increase."

1 Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine."

88. L. M. H. Ballou.

Dismission.

1 From worship, now, thy church dismiss—
But not without thy blessing, Lord;
O grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
And seal instruction from thy word.

2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return
When we shall meet to worship thee;
Oft may our hearts within us burn
To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

3 And when these pleasant scenes are past,
To thee, our God, O may we come,
And meet th' assembled world at last,
In Zion, our eternal home.

89. H. M. J. Newton.

The Same.

On what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

90. H. M. E. Turner.

Thanks at the Close of Service.

1 Kind Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us bestow.
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

91. 8 & 7s. M. C. ROBBINS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night—
May the Sun that ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;—
On his children meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

3 While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

92. C. M. KIPPIS' COLL.

Close of Evening Worship.

1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past;
And, as the setting sun
Sinks downward in the radiant west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2 May He, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Uniting all in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end;

3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve,
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

93. L. M. HEBER.

Close of Service.

1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came:
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.

94. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

95. L. M. WATTS.

The Joy and Blessing of Worship.

1 LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 O, write upon our memory, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word:
That we may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

96. 8 & 7s. M. S. F. ADAMS.

Close of Worship.

1 PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

97. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

1 WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'T is sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joy beyond the skies.

98. 8 & 7s. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

99. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Sunday Evening.

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have been;
Millions this day have bent the knee;
But thou, soul-searching God! hast seen
The hearts of all that worshipped thee.

2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

100. L. M. MORAVIAN.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 THY name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray:

2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven:
Water of life on us bestow,
Thou art the Source, the Fountain thou.

CHARACTER, ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

101. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Being of God.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies:
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When first the beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the weak attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of a God;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

102. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

God our Father.

1 My Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

5 My Father!—blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

103. L. M. BRYANT.

The Paternal Love of God.

1 FATHER! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

104. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

Omnipotence of God.

1 'Twas God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks,—great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

105. C. M. H. K. White.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 The Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

106. C. M. Watts.

God is Everywhere.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

107. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Eternity of God.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

108. C. M. 61. CONDER.

Where is God?

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.

2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control:
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creatures blest.

109. L. M. WATTS.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

110. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

God Good and Omniscient.

1 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God! to me,—how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

2 Search me, O God! and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey;
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall thy truth my guidance be,
In life and immortality.

111. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Omniscience and Omnipresence.

1 FATHER of all, omniscient Mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise,
In splendor there supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

3 Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

4 Thine essence fills this breathing frame;
It glows in every vital part,
Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
And feeds with life each beating heart.

5 To thee, from whom our being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee our grateful strains shall flow.

112. C. M. WATTS.

Infinity of God.

1 GREAT GOD, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there s nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

113. S. P. M. WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,

Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

114. 8 & 7s. M. BOWRING

God is Love.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

115. L. M. FERGUS.

God the Creator.

1 THE Spirit moved upon the waves
That darkly rolled, a shoreless sea;
He spake the word, and light burst forth,
A glorious, bright immensity.

2 At his command, the mountains heaved
Their rocky pinnacles on high,
Island and continent displayed
Their desert grandeur to the sky.

3 The voice of God was heard again,
And lovely flowers and graceful trees
Appeared on every vale and plain,
And perfumes floated on the breeze.

4 The word went forth, and vast and high
The heavenly orbs gave out their light,
O'er all the earth and sea and sky;
The rulers of the day and night.

116. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY'S COLL

Omnipresence of God.

1 ABOVE, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glist'ning in the morning dew:
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold;
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

3 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn.
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here."

117. C. M. WATTS.

The Perfections of God.

1 How shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around:
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Speak we of strength, his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy:
To him eternal years belong,
And never-ending joy.

4 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

118. C. M. DRENNAN.

"God is a Spirit."

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

119. C. M. WATTS.

Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God.

1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

120. L. M. MRS. GILMAN.

God our Father.

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of rushing grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

121. 10s. M. MME. GUION.

God Incomprehensible.

1 ALMIGHTY Former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man;
Holy and just,—the greatness of whose name
Rules and supports this universal frame:—

2 Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space,—
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling place;—
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers:—

3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart!

122. C. M. WALLACE.

God seen in his Works.

1 THERE 's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There 's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

123. C. M. WATTS.

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing:
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

124. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

God, our Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

125. L. M. WATTS.

The Good Providence of God. Ps. 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

126. L. M. KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace:
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

127. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God Unchangeable.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon may this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

128. C. M. COWPER.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

129. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

1 IN darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within His sight,
Who looks existence through.

2 From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

3 All that I am,—have been,—
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

130. C. M. BROWNE.

Universal Goodness of God.

1 LORD! thou art good: all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole, and every part, proclaims
Thine infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

5 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

131. L. M. MME. GUION.

The Omnipresent Peace of God.

1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

132. C. M. ENG. BAP. COLL.

Providence Kind and Bountiful.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is Providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God — delightful theme! —
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

133. S. M. WATTS.

A Holy God. Ps. 99.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

134. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God's Condescension.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight, —
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —

3 Lord, what is man, that he is blessed
With thy peculiar care!
Why on his offspring is conferred
Of love so large a share?

4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

135. L. M. Wm. Taylor.

God the Universal Benefactor.

1 God of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race:

2 How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

136. L. M. C. Wesley.

The Holiness of God.

1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Only thy glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored!
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

137. 6s. M. DRUMMOND.

Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless Source of love,
The great Creator know.

3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blessed messenger of grace!
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

138. C. M. THOMSON.

All-embracing Providence of God.

1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

139. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!
Creatures in vain explore:
Or, if a transient glimpse we gain,
'T is faint and quickly o'er.

3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

140. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

"Whither shall I go from thy presence?"

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

3 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

141. L. M. 61. W. Ray.

Perfection of God.

1 Thou art, almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

2 What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord?
The brightest rainbow-tints are faint;
The brightest stars of heaven afford
But dim effusions of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze.

3 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne;
And every frail and fickle beam,
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee
In thy own vast immensity.

4 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

142. L. M. WATTS.

"Canst thou find out the Almighty?"

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?

3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

143. C. H. M. ANONYMOUS

The surpassing Glory of God.

1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
O what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun, at noon-day hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine?

4 O how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!—
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

144. C. M. STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

145. C. M. WATTS.

Decrees and Providence of God.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord:
Whate'er his mighty hand has formed
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love,
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below

4 Be this alone our fervent prayer,—
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee.

146. L. M. WALKER'S COLL.

"God, with whom is no Variableness."

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same,
I AM, is thy memorial still.

147. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God Omnipresent.

1 THERE 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found.
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
For God is everywhere.

148. L. M. ANONYMOUS

Providence Mysterious.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

4 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

GENERAL PRAISE.

149. L. M. TATE & BRADY

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, our hearts are fixed and bent
Their thankful tribute to present;
And, with the heart, the voice, we 'll raise
To thee, our God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

150. 7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Adoration.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

151. 10s. & 11s. GRANT

God Glorious.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

4 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

152. C. M. HEMANS.

Invitation to offer Praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to his glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise.

2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil;—

3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food;—

4 Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high;
O youths and virgins of the land;
O age and infancy;—

5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

153. 7s. M. MILTON.

Praise to God.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
Who, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;

3 Caused the golden-tressed sun
All day long his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mongst her spangled sisters bright.

4 His own people he did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Viewed us in our misery.

5 All his creatures he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

151. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise and Holiness.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express?—
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what 's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

155. 7s. M. J. Taylor.

The Divine Glories Celebrated.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Favored mortals! raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angel's glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

4 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

156. H. M. Sacred Lyrics.

Perpetual Praise.

1 To thee, great Source of light!
My thankful voice I 'll raise;
And all my powers unite
To celebrate thy praise;
And, till my voice is lost in death,
May praise employ my every breath.

2 And when this feeble tongue
Lies silent in the dust,
My soul shall dwell among
The spirits of the just;
Then, with the shining hosts above,
In nobler strains I 'll sing thy love.

157. L. M. H. Ballou, 2d

The Same.

1 Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown—
Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.

2 With mingling souls and voices join;
To him the swelling anthem raise;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.

3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords,—
Light, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

158. L. M. Watts.

The Same. Ps. 145.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways:
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

159. 6s. 6s. & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;—
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!—
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

160. H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

161. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Praise from all Nature. Ps. 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.
Lo, heaven and earth and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode—
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power.
Lo, on the lightning's rapid wings
In triumph rides the King of Kings:
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies—
Praise him who bids you roll.
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound—
The general burst of joy.

162. 10s. & 11s. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Call to Praise.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King;
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight—
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord—prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

163. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 WIDE as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunders speak his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

2 Jehovah!—'t is a glorious word;
O may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

3 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

164. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud—
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry—

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee—
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

165. 8s. & 7s. M. FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

166. H. M. GEORGE SANDYS.

General Praise.

1 ALL, from the sun's uprise,
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees,
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone; | Your gifts, and sing,
In triumph bring | Before his throne.

2 Man drew from man his birth,
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are; | Preserved and fed
Sheep by him led, | With tender care.

3 O to his portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! How pure! | His promise past,
His mercies last; | Forever sure.

167. C. M. M. RAYNER.

The Same.

1 HAIL! Source of light, of life, and love,
And joys that never end;
In whom all creatures live and move:
Creator, Father, Friend.

2 All space is with thy presence crowned:
Creation owns thy care;
Each spot in nature's ample round,
Proclaims that God is there.

3 Attuned to praise be every voice;
Let not one heart be sad:
Jehovah reigns! Let earth rejoice;
Let all the isles be glad.

4 Then sound the anthem loud and long,
In sweetest, loftiest strains;
And be the burden of the song,
The Lord, Jehovah, reigns!

168. L. M. 61. WATTS.

God revealed in his Works.

1 GREAT GOD! the heavens' well ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name,
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless skill and power divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet thy divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun:
Thy light and truth are known abroad;
We see thy smile in Nature's face,
And in the pages of thy grace
We read the glories of our God.

169. C. M. ROWE.

Praise from all Nature.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.

3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony;—

6 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

170. 8s. M. **Hogg.**

God of Life.

1 Blessed be thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be thy name forever!

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day—
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever!

171. H. M. H. Ballou, 2d.

Universal Praise.

1 Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
O bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

3 'T is he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'T is he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

4 Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll;
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'T is nature's wild, unconscious song
O'er thousand waves that floats along.

5 His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

172. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

Goodness of God in his Works.

1 HAIL, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

3 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see:
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

173. L. M. 61. MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

The Beauties of Creation.

1 OURS is a lovely world, how fair
Thy beauties e'en on earth appear!
The seasons in their courses fall,
And bring successive joys. The sea,
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,
Benignant, glorious Lord of all!

2 There 's beauty in the heat of day;
There 's glory in the noon-tide ray;
There 's sweetness in the twilight shades—
Magnificence in night. Thy love
Arch'd the grand heaven of blue above,
And all our smiling earth pervades.

3 And if thy glories here be found,
Streaming with radiance all around,
What must the fount of glory be!
In thee we 'll hope, in thee confide,
Thou, mercy's never ebbing tide,
Thou, love's unfathomable sea!

174. L. M. 61. MOORE.

All Things are of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

175. L. M. ADDISON.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

176. C. M. ZINZENDORF.

The Creator, God.

1 LORD, when thou said'st, "So let it be,"
The heavens were spread and shone,
And this whole earth stood gloriously;
Thou spak'st and it was done.

2 The whole creation still records,
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords;
Thee all things must obey.

177. C. M. BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

1 THE heavenly spheres, to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised,
In song of seraphim!
Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature,—a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above,
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar;

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st; and what is man
Before thy presence, God;
A breath, but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod.
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

178. L. M. 61. BOWRING.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

1 THE heavens, O Lord! thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back thy name;
Ten thousand voices speak thy might,
And day to day, and night to night,
Utter thy praise—thou Lord above!
Thy praise, thy glory, and thy love.

2 And nature with its countless throng,
And sun, and moon, and planets' song,
And every flower that light receives,
And every dew that tips the leaves,
And every murmur of the sea—
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

3 Thy name thy glories they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe;
Sense of all sense, and soul of soul,
Nought is too vast for thy control;
The meanest and the mightiest share
Alike thy kindness and thy care.

179. 8s. & 7s. M. HEBER.

"Consider the lilies of the field;—behold the fowls of the air."

1 Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall:
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

180. L. M. PEABODY.

Religious Influences of Nature.

1 GOD of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

2 God of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light:

For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

3 God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

181. 7s. & 6s. M. CONDER.

"Day unto day uttereth speech."

1 THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth; right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:

The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

182. L. M. 61. HEBER.

The Visible World a Shadow of the Invisible.

1 I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our years are told when we must fade."

3 O God, O, good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,—
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man,—
How glorious must thy mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

183. L. M. MOORE.

Nature a Temple.

1 THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music breathes of thee.

2 I 'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne,
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.
Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I can read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

3 There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.
There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THE SCRIPTURES.

184. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Perfection of God's Law.

1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed.

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those,
Who by thy precepts live.

185. L. M. WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

186. C. M. COWPER

Light and Glory of the Word.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

187. L. M. 61. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Praise to God for his Word.

1 JOIN, all ye servants of the Lord,
To praise him for his sacred word,—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace,—grace freely given,—
And shows the path to God and heaven:
O, bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
For all the treasures of his word.

188. S. M. WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God:
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

3 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

4 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

189. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

The Value of the Scriptures.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never-ending day.

190. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

1 GREAT GOD, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

191. S. M. BEDDOME.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vail below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

192. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Gospel Revelation.

1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

193. C. M. WATTS.

Revelation. Ps. 119.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

194. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Scriptures.

1 LAMP of our feet! whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!
Light of our way! whose ways are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessed, its dark shades among,
The star that guides us to our God.

2 In the sweet morning's hour of prime,
Thy blessed words our lips engage,
And round our hearths at evening time
Our children spell the holy page;
The waymark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on,
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Inscribed upon the churchyard stone.

3 Lamp of our feet! which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose
To whom thy blessed hope is given
Whose pilgrimage on earth is closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

195. C. M. WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

196. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THOU Book of life!—in thee are found
The mysteries of my Maker's will;
Treasures of knowledge here abound,
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.

2 Thou art a banquet;—choicest food
I 'll seek in thee: thou art a rock,
Whence pour sweet waters; every good
From thee doth flow for Christ's own flock.

3 Light of the world! thy beams impart
To lead my feet through life's dark way;
O shine on this benighted heart,
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

4 Healer of all the woes of life!
The balm of souls diseased; to save
From all earth's pain; and end the strife
Of death, with victory o'er the grave!

197. S. M. E. Taylor.

The Bible.

1 It is the one true light,
When other lamps grow dim,
'T will never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.
It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the throne
To him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
Will seize it for his own!

2 It is the golden key
Unto celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health!
The gently proffer'd aid
Of one who knows and best
Supplies the beings he has made
With what will make them blessed.

3 It is the sweetest sound
That infant years can hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and angels near.
There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow go;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O! let the Christian show!

198. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Saviour Foretold.

1 BEHOLD my servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax shall he not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

199. 11s. M. DRUMMOND.

"Prepare ye the Way of the Lord."

1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

200. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

201. 8s. & 7s. M. CAWOOD

Song of the Angels of Bethlehem.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven:—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King."

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

202. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

Christmas Hymn.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

3 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
Peace to the earth,—good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

5 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

203. S. M. E. H. Chapin.

The Same.

1 Hark! hark! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing?—
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glist'ning and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

2 "Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet,
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew seer hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let glory be to God."

3 Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
"Peace and good-will to men!"

4 Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture, like a chain:
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heav'n repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With ev'ry golden string;—
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King!

204. H. M. T. H. BAYLEY.

The Same.

1 No loud avenging voice
Proclaimed Messiah's birth;
The Son of God came down to teach
Humility on earth,
And by his sufferings to efface
The errors of a sinful race.

2 Not on a purple throne,
With gold and jewels crowned,
But in the meanest dwelling place
The precious babe was found:
Yet star-directed sages came,
And kneeling, glorified his name.

3 To shepherds first was shown
The promised boon of heaven,
Who cried, "To us a child is born—
To us a Son is given!"
Death from his mighty throne was hurled,
Faith hailed Salvation to the world.

4 Lord! may thy holy cross
Bear peace from clime to clime,
Till all mankind at length are freed
From sorrow, shame and crime:
Dispel the unbeliever's gloom,
And end the terrors of the tomb!

205. L. M. CAMPBELL.

The Same.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

3 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

4 "He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

206. S. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

207. H. M. SALISBURY COLL.

The Same.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody, we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.
The tuneful shell, | And vocal choir,
The golden lyre, | The concert swell.

2 Angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to day."

3 "Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth."

208. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 HAIL, all hail the joyful morn:
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a Son is given.

2 Angels, bending from the sky,
Chanted, at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace—good-will to man on earth."

3 Join we then our feeble lays
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

209. 11s. & 10s. M. HEBER.

Star of the East.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East,—the horizon adorning,—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels bend o'er him, in slumber reclining,—
Monarch, Redeemer, Restorer of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East,—the horizon adorning,—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

210. L. M. 61. MOORE.

Christ's Birth.

1 ARRAYED in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's effulgent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

2 Good-will henceforth to man be given,
The light of glory beams on earth:
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints rejoice in Shiloh's birth;
In him all nations shall be blest,
And his shall be a glorious rest.

211. C. P. M. MISS ROSCOE.

Christmas Hymn.

1 O, let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth:
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart,
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

212. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Mission of Christ.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

213. C. M. WATTS.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing!

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

214. C. M. WATTS.

John the Herald of Christ.

1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face;
The herald which the Prince of Peace
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
On his baptizing day.

3 "Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

4 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

215. C. M. EXETER COLL.

The Baptism of Jesus.

1 SEE, from on high, a light divine
On Jesus' head descend!
And hear the sacred voice from heaven
That bids us all attend.

2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom showed to man
In God his Father's name.

4 The path of heavenly peace he showed
That leads to bliss on high;
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

216. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD! the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men,
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts.

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

217. L. M. BOWRING.

Jesus Preaching the Gospel.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

218. L. M. BUTCHER.

Miracles of Christ.

1 ON eyes that never saw the day
Christ pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

2 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

3 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

4 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

219. L. M. RUSSELL.

"That ye through his poverty might be rich."

1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.

5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

220. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

"Peace! be still!"

1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

3 And the wind ceased; it ceased! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky,
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

4 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

5 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—"Peace, be still!"

221. L. M. 61. BARTON.

The Pool of Bethesda.

1 AROUND Bethesda's healing wave
Waiting to hear the rustling wing,
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued
Were seen the gathered multitude.

2 Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And craved with fervency of soul,
His Power Divine to make them whole!

3 Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,

Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went.
But he, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

222. L. M. HEBER.

The Holy Guest.

1 MESSIAH Lord! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity.

2 O when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, would we think on thee;
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—"if now his searching view
Each secret of our spirit knew!"

4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

223. C. M. COWPER.

"He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame,
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He goes to be baptized with blood;
He goes to meet the cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.

4 And while his holy sorrows here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

224. L. M. MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his glorious throne
Expects his own anointed Son!

225. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's New Command to his Disciples.

1 BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands

2 "Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

3 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

4 "To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

226. C. H. M. HEMANS.

The Agony in Gethsemane.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of high and heavenly birth
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 He knew them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

4 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
"Save, or we perish, Son of God."

227. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Christ's Passion.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through brightening glooms behold his face,
No form or comeliness is there.

2 Last eve by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 But hark! he prays;—'t is for his foes;
He speaks;—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers;—and Paradise bestows;
"'T is finished!"—here the conflict ends.

4 "Truly, this was the Son of God!"
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

228. L. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

Christ in Gethsemane.

1 'T IS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; from celestial plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

229. C. M. HAWEIS.

Agony in the Garden.

1 DARK was the night and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

230. 7s. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Sufferings.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
—Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes—
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

231. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Crucifixion of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'T is finished — the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

4 'T is finished — ritual worship ends,
And Gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
A new world is begun.

232. L. M. STEELE.

A Dying Saviour.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain, —
Unmoved by either love or pain!

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

233. L. M. STENNETT.

Christ Suffering on the Cross.

1 "'T is finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'T is finished!"—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 "'T is finished!"—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 "'T is finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'T is finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

234. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;—
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb —
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

235. 7s. M. GIBBONS.

Christ's Resurrection.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'T is the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph up the sky —
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

5 Every note with wonder swell, —
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

236. 7s. M. COLLYER.

The Same.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

237. C. M. WATTS.

Ascension and Reign of Christ.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

238. L. M. WATTS.

Example of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer,
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

239. C. M. ENFIELD.

The Same.

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

240. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We 'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face;
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

241. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Submission to his Father's Will.

1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

212. L. M. BACHE.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

4 Such love can we unmoved survey?
O may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show.

243. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

1 THOU art the Way—and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow—
By thee must come, thou Gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

2 Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The word whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

3 Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

244. L. M. 61. URWICK'S COLL.

Christ All and in All.

1 JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame our glory and our crown;—

3 In want our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

245. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ the Resting-Place.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

4 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

246. C. M. DUNCAN.

The Spiritual Coronation.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

247. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Attraction of the Cross.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Father's chief delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that cruel scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his grief alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

248. 7s. M. MILMAN.

"*They shall look on Him whom they pierced.*"

1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the cheek so pale and wan,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
Life breathed out in agony:
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead:
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do;"
By the sealed and guarded cave,
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By that clear, immortal brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

249. C. M. BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I feign would trace,
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility and love
Through all his conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

250. 7s. M. FURNESS.

Jesus our Leader.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

251. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Christ's Example in Forgiving.

1 TEACH us to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

2 For such a heart and such a love,
O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee;
O pour thy Spirit from above,
That we may like our Saviour be.

252. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God's Servant.

1 THUS saith the Lord who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And formed the human soul:—

2 "Behold my Servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

3 "On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

4 "The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine."

253. L. M. MASON.

The Image of the Invisible God.

1 THOU, Lord! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

2 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face,
Yet those who trusted in his name
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

3 O thou! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

4 While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

254. S. M. WATTS.

Christ the Corner-Stone.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

4 Hosanna to the king
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

255. L. M. S. STREETER.

The Hiding-place.

1 A KING shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
The King of Salem, King of peace,—
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.

2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.

3 In burning sands and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found,
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.

4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty;
All ears shall hearken, and the word
Of life receive from Christ the Lord.

256. C. M. S. STREETER.

Blessings of the Gospel.

1 WHAT glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear;
I'll burst into a song:

2 The blind receive their sight with joy;
The lame can walk abroad;
The dumb their loosened tongues employ;
The deaf can hear the word.

3 The dead are raised to life anew
By renovating grace;
The glorious gospel's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

4 O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind
To reign in realms above!

THE GOSPEL, AND ITS INVITATIONS.

257. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

258. C. M. COWPER.

"The entrance of thy Word giveth Light."

1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness doth rise,
With healing on his wings.

3 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

4 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,—

5 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart:
But, Jesus, 't is thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

259. L. M. WATTS

Gospel Invitations.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand
To mould and guide us at thy will.

260. L. M. WATTS.

God's Glory in the Gospel.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna, to the Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But in the Gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Our spirits kindle in its beam;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

261. H. M. TOPLADY.

The Jubilee Proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full assurance made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

262. 8s. & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

Gospel Call to the Church.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous Source of every joy,
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy!
Saints with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Here indulge each grateful feeling;
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here no peal of thunder rolls:
Lo, the sacred page before us
Bears the promise of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within!
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

263. 7s. & 6s. M. J. G. Adams.

The Gospel Advancing.

1 Brighter shines the gospel day
On our Zion's mountains;
Clearer has become the way
To her living fountains.
Hark! the stirring trumpet tone
Hath o'er every hill-top flown;
Error's hosts retiring see!
Superstition's minions flee!

2 From the luring haunts of sin
Where the soul is blighted,
Christ invites—come enter in
To the temple lighted
With the beams of pardoning love—
With the wisdom from above;
Leave the woes of sin behind,
And a rest perpetual find.

3 Come from error's hoary shrine,
Jew or Gentile seeking
For the way of life divine—
Hear this voice now speaking!
Willing hearts and hands prepare
Christ's redeeming grace to share;
Join our triumph-strain, and sing
Zion's Universal King.

264. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Fountain of Living Waters.

1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

265. S. M. SELECT HYMNS.

Now is the Day of Grace.

1 Now is the day of grace;
Now to the Father come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 The Saviour bids you speed;
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

266. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest!

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls, he bids you come;—
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,—
But see, there yet is room!

3 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;—
Approach, there yet is room.

267. 7s. M. HAWES.

The Same.

1 FROM the holy mount above,
Glowing in the light of love,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"At the feast there yet is room—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Thou shalt be a welcome guest,
By the Lord divinely blest;—

In the word of truth believe,—
All thy sinful pleasures leave,
And no more in darkness roam,—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "God is thy unchanging Friend;
He will love thee to the end,
And at last thy soul convey
To the realms of endless day,
To a blessed spirit-home,—
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

268. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

The Sinner entreated to awake.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Brief is this thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

269. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel gives Peace and Rest.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe;

Cease thy complaints, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here the weighty load,
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Father,—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

3 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away,
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

270. 7s. M. 8l. BOWRING.

Invitation.

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch and wait—
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry,
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears,
Watch—for saving grace is nigh,
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought and blest—
Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Owned—by joys the contrite know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this, remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt and pains—
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in full belief shall die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

271. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
We 'll meekly follow Christ on earth,
And reign with him in heaven.

272. C. M. COLLYER.

Call to the Wandering.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Father bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

273. C. M. MOORE.

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

1 WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept, and was forgiven?

2 When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious ointment poured;

3 Were not those sweets so freely shed,
That shame, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart which inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
O wouldst thou wake to heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
"Love much," and be forgiven!

274. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

To the Prodigal Son.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy father's happy home?
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him, while he may be found,
Call upon him, while he 's near.

275. S. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Gospel Invitations.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

276. C. M. WATTS.

The Blessings of the Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

277. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

All Things Ready.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

278. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Coming to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
God help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O, bid us turn and live.

279. S. M. E. TURNER.

Saviour's Voice.

1 HEAR what a Saviour's voice,
To sinners, does proclaim;
O, all ye ransomed souls, rejoice
In your Redeemer's name.

2 Where sin and death have reigned,
And all their power employed,
There are his love and light maintained,
And heavenly truth enjoyed.

3 The needy, starving poor
Are filled with living bread;
The opening of the prison door
Proclaims the captive freed.

4 The thirsty, panting soul,
That longs for springs of grace,
Beholds celestial waters roll,
And floods of righteousness.

5 My God, my Saviour too,
I would thy love proclaim,
Partake of what is brought to view,
And sing thy glorious name.

280. S. M. WATTS.

Power of the Gospel.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

281. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Gospel Invitation.

1 COME to the living waters, come!
Gladly obey your Maker's call:—
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

2 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye weary, heavy-laden souls.

3 In search of empty joys below,
Why toil with unavailing strife?
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

4 Your willing ears and hearts incline,
His words believingly receive;
Quicken'd, you then, by faith divine,
A heavenly life on earth shall live.

282. 11s. M. S. F. STREETER.

The Same.

1 How gracious the promise, how soothing the word
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
"Ye lone, and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

2 Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart:
And all who have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light and the truth and the way.

3 Ye heart-stricken sons, and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite,—
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

283. 7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Weary, Pained, and Guilty, Invited.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
Who the stings of guilt can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

284. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

285. C. M. MILTON.

The Kingdom of God on Earth.

1 THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

286. C. M. H. Ballou.

The Same.

1 Jesus his empire shall extend;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
We hear the noise of war no more,—
He gives his people rest.

3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,
When spring renews her reign;
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill and plain;—

4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.

5 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Saviour shall restore;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more.

287. H. M. E. Turner.

The Universal King.

1 Come, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
Wide o'er the world a king shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield;

His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield:
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld:
And from his bounteous hand
All hearts with joy be filled.
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

288. 7 & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail! in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;—
That name to us is love.

289. L. M. H. Ballou.

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glories view?

2 Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

3 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parchéd ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree;

4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold;
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

290. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel Feast.

1 On Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

3 The pained, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

4 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

5 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

291. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

The Fulness of the Gentiles.

1 "Give us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 O, how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more:
God himself will be thy light:
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine;
Lo! thy light from heaven is come;
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

292. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

3 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

4 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

5 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

293. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

294. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Universal Redemption.

1 IN God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

295. L. M. 61. WATTS.

"The Gentiles shall see thy Righteousness."

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord:
The wondering nations read thy word:
Among us is Jehovah known;
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

296. L. M. BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

297. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

1 GREAT GOD, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

3 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

298. 10s. M. POPE.

Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

299. 8s., 7s. & 4s. M. KELLY.

Encouraging Prospects.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

300. 7s. & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Universal Hallelujah.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

301. C. M. WATTS.

Prospect of Universal Blessedness.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

4 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

302. L. M. RICHARDS.

The Cloud and Pillar of Fire.

1 LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did ancient Israel rest;
Nor moved they, till the guiding Lord
In brighter garments stood confest.

2 Father of spirits, Light of light,
Lift up the cloud, and rend the veil;
Shine forth in fire, amid that night,
Whose blackness makes the heart to fail.

3 'T is done! to Christ the power is given;
His death has rent the veil away,
Our great Forerunner entered heaven,
And oped the gate of endless day.

4 Nor shall those mists that brood o'er time,
Forever blind the mental eye;
They backward roll, and light sublime
Beams glory from our God on high.

5 Adoring nations hail the dawn,
All kingdoms bless the noontide beam,
And light, unfolding life's full morn,
Is vast creation's deathless theme.

303. S. M JOHNS.

The Kingdom of God.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

304. 10s. M. ASHWORTH.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 POUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!

3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread!
With all the civil virtues in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!

4 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own;—'t is Christ's command!

305. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY

Christ's Triumph.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;—
Hallelujah to the Lord!
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
Heard through earth, and through the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'t is done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

306. 7s. M. C. WESLEY.

The Progress of the Gospel.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came:
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

307. 7s. & 5s. M. A. C. Thomas.

The Reconciliation.

1 Thou, whose wide extended sway
Suns and systems e'er obey!
Thou, our Guardian and our Stay,
Evermore adored:
In prospective, Lord, we see
Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to thee,
Holy, holy Lord.

2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,

Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

3 When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art all in all!

308. 7s. M. 61. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Glory of the Church.

1 ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

309. 11s. & 10s. [PECULIAR.] J. G. ADAMS.

Christian's Song of Triumph.

1 SOUND the full chorus! let praises ascend
To God the Creator, our Father and Friend.
Sing, for the light of his truth is before us,
And we will give thanks, and rejoice in his name;

His banner of love in its glory waves o'er us;
That love will continue forever the same.
Sound the full chorus, &c.

2 Praise to Jehovah! Give praise — let it rise
From earth, in its fulness — and swell to the skies!
Give glory and praise! For a ransomed creation
The gospel of peace in its triumph shall see;
Our God hath redeemed us — and Christ our salvation
Appears, from transgression and death to make free!
Praise to Jehovah, &c.

310. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Gospel Freedom Universal.

1 WE long to see that happy time,
That long-expected, blissful day,
When men of every name and clime
The glorious gospel shall obey.

2 The word of God shall firm abide,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
To universal empire grows.

3 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall shout to Asia's rapt'rous song,
Europe, with her unnumbered tongues,
And western climes the strain prolong.

4 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend,
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

311. C. P. M. M. Rayner

Reign of Christ. Isa. 35.

1 The radiant dawn of gospel light,
The prophet saw in vision bright,
And hailed th' auspicious day,
When Christ should all his grace disclose
And cure the world of all its woes,
By truth's triumphant sway.

2 The blind their eyes shall open wide;
To drink the light's o'erflowing tide,
The deaf sweet music hear;
The lame like bounding hart shall leap;
The dumb no longer silence keep,
But shout redemption near.

3 And there shall be a holy way,
In which the simple shall not stray—
The path so plain and bright.
Wayfaring men therein shall walk,
And of their home and kindred talk,
With rapture and delight.

4 No ravenous beast in quest of prey,
No lion lurking in the way,
Shall ever there be seen.
The place where dragons lay concealed,
Large crops of waving grass shall yield,
With reeds and rushes green.

5 And when to Zion's peaceful home
The ransomed of the Lord shall come,
(O haste the blissful day!)
Glad strains shall every tongue employ
In songs of everlasting joy,
And sighing flee away.

312. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Wilderness Transformed. Is. 41: 18, 19.

1 AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view:
In all I trace, | The work is thine;
Saviour divine, | Be thine the praise.

2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen, | Its carpet spreads
And o'er the meads | Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The blushing rose, | In union fair,
And lily there, | Their sweets disclose.

4 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain.
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands | And lions yoke
Fierce tigers stroke, | In flowery bands.

5 O, when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes?
That earth may raise, | United songs
With all its tongues, | Of ardent praise.

313. 8s., 7s. & 4s. M. J. TAYLOR.

The Gospel Triumphant.

1 STILL in shades of midnight darkness
Abject sits the Pagan world;
There the banner of salvation
Ne'er hath been by time unfurled;
Nor their idols
From their blood-stained altars hurled.

2 Yet the promise stands securely,
And Messiah's reign shall spread;
Not in vain his glorious conquest;
Not in vain the Saviour bled.
Chief immortal!
God's own hand hath crowned thy head.

3 To this blessed dispensation
Millions yet unborn shall fly;
See the rising splendor beaming
Till it gilds the western sky.
Glorious Gospel!
Still thy triumphs multiply.

314. P. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The Church exulting in the Government of Jehovah.

1 YE subjects of the Lord! proclaim
The royal honors of his name:
"Jehovah reigns!" be all our song.
'T is He, thy God, O Zion, reigns!
Prepare thy most harmonious strains
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

2 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Formed, like your slaves, of brittle clay!
Down to the dust your sceptres bend;
To everlasting years He reigns,
And undiminished state maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

3 So shall his favored Zion live:
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her Sov'reign sits enthroned above,
And endless power and endless love
Ensure her safety and her joy.

315. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

316. C. M. MOORE.

The Same.

1 O, WHO shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
That hides the nations now!

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie,
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye!

2 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows, shall waft
Some long-lost wand'rer home.

317. L. M. 61. PRATT'S COLL

Prayer for the Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham! hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed:
Justly they claim the fervent prayer
From us, adopted in their stead;
Who mercy, through their fall, obtain,
And Christ, by their rejection, gain.

2 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?
Yes! gracious Lord, thy word is past—
"All Israel shall be saved at last."

3 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove:
Receive thine ancient people home,
That, quickened by thy dying love,
In their recovery we may find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

318. 7s. & 5s. S. F. Smith.

The Missionary Angel.

1 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward fly:
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
'T is to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight—
'T is the time decreed:
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
"God is all in all."

319. H. M DODDRIDGE.

The Glory of the Church in the Latter Day. Is. 60 : 1.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

320. 8s. & 7s. M. URWICK'S COLL.

Desiring Christ's Triumph.

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

321. H. M. BROWN.

Millennium Hymn.

1 ISLES of the south, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale,
With hallelujahs ring:
Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child
'Neath the banana-tree:
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
No funeral fires blaze high;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves.

4 Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine-press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane?

5 Hail, glad, millennial day!
O, shout, ye heavens above!
To-day ye nations sing
The song, redeeming love:
Redeeming love the song shall be:
Hail, blessed year of jubilee!

322. L. P. M. H. Ballou.

Kingdom of Christ.

1 To Christ, the Son, the Father spake:
Lo, ask of me, and I will make
The heathen to thy sceptre bend;
The utmost parts of all the earth
Are thine inheritance by birth,
And wide thine empire shall extend.

2 Now Jesus waves his sceptre high,
Unfurls his banners in the sky,
While loud the gospel trumpets sound:
His enemies with sore dismay,
Retire in haste and yield the day,
While trophies to the Lord abound.

3 Before him kings and tyrants fall,
Detest their crowns, and on him call,
And he a pardon free doth give:
The world in sin was dead before;
To life the world he will restore,
And in him all the world shall live.

4 O Lord, thy government shall be
Extended wide from sea to sea,
And long thy sceptre thou shalt hold;
As long as sun or moon shall shine,
Thou King of earth shalt reign divine,
The mysteries of thy grace unfold.

323. 7s. M. MILMAN.

Prayer for Mercy in Spiritual Need.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh,—
Sigh for death, yet fear it still;
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

3 Lord, have mercy, when we know
First how vain this world below:
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

324. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Prodigal's Return.

1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I 'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I 'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 O, let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul,
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

325. L. M. 61. WESLEY'S COLL.

Imploring Forgiveness and Renewal of Heart.

1 FORGIVE us for thy mercy's sake;
Our multitude of sins forgive;
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show;
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain.

3 O, put it in our inward parts
The living law of perfect love:

Write the new precept on our hearts;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and forever thine.

326. L. M. BEDDOME.

Inconstancy Lamented.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Are scarcely through an hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee?

327. S. M. JERVIS.

God's Mercy to the Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

328. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Returning to God.

1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us that we stray no more.

329. L. M. STEELE.

Sense of Sin.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care,
But ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O, for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

330. C. M. BREVIARY.

The True Penitent.

1 O SINNER! bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer:
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To beat the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

331. L. M. RICHTER.
Translated by J. Wesley.

Devout Penitence.

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm from wandering free.

3 Take full possession of my heart;
The lowly mind of Christ impart;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
Oh! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

332. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Vain Repentance.

1 TIMES without number have I prayed,
"This only once forgive;"
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

333. P. M. HEBER.

"There is Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that Repenteth."

1 THERE was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When this goodly world to frame,
The Lord of light and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
"Glory to God in heaven!"

2 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!"

3 There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;

When the soul by grace subdued
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven!

334. 7s. M. MERRICK.

Freedom from Error, Guilt and Folly.

1 BLEST Instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth our mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee:
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Instructor! bow thine ear:
God our strength! propitious hear.

335. 6s. & 4s. M. R. PALMER.

For Divine Guidance.

1 O GOD, thy grace impart!
Revive my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
Reveal thyself to me,
And may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

2 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,

Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
O Father, then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
And bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

336. C. P. M. HENRY MOORE

Pardon.

1 SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale:
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold:
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine;

And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

337. L. M. COWPER.

Peace after a Storm.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

338. L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

For a Life devoted to God's Glory.

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER AND LIFE.

339. L. M. WATTS.

"Ye shall know them by their Fruits."

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

340. C. M. GISBORNE.

The Christian's Life and his Hope.

1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun—
Behold the Christian's life!

2 O! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

3 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

4 The land where, suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

5 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

341. L. M. E. TAYLOR.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

1 "THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,
With all thy heart, and soul, and mind:"
So speaks to man that sacred word,
For counsel and reproof designed.

2 "With all thy heart;" no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

3 "With all thy mind;" each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

4 "With soul and strength;" thy days of ease,
While vigor nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.

342. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.

343. S. M. HEATH.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

344. L. M. WATTS.

The Beatitudes.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

3 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

4 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

345. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL

Patience.

1 PATIENCE, O, 't is a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love,
That leans upon our Father's arm,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience, we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait, contented, our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 O, for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest.

4 Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die,
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

346. 7s. M. MERRICK.

"Who shall abide in thy tabernacle?" Ps. 15.

1 WHO shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet?
Who shall at thine altar bend?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

3 He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

347. C. M. TATE & BRADY

The Same.

1 LORD, who's the happy man, that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'T is he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves;

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round;

4 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

5 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secured.

348. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Blessed are the Meek."

1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 O gracious Father, grant,
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

349. L. M. SCOTT.

The Blessing of Meekness.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

350. C. M. M. W. Hale.

The Pure Heart.

1 Whatever dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

2 Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

3 And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way: —
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

351. S. M. Keble.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

1 Blest are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

352. C. M. Watts.

Prudence.

1 O, 't is a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars begin,
In fierce, contentious souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their anger rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

353. L. M. 61. MONTGOMERY

Humility.

1 THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest: —
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet: —
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends: —
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

354. C. M. WATTS.

Humility and Submission.

1 Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

355. L. M. WATTS

Love to God and our Neighbor.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, O, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

356. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Active Piety.

1 Servants of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

357. L. M. Steele.

Example of the Saviour.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
If, then, we love our Saviour's name
Thus let us our relation prove.

358. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Again, I say — Watch!"

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, — 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

359. S. M. BULFINCH.

The Use of Present Opportunities.

1 CHILDREN of light, awake,
At Jesus' call arise,
Forth with your leader to partake
His toils, his victories.

2 Ye must not idly stand,
His sacred voice who hear;
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,
The holy standard rear.

3 Nought doth the world afford,
But toil must be the price;
Wilt thou not, servant of the Lord,
Then toil for paradise?

4 Awake, ye sons of light,
Strive till the prize be won;
Far spent already is the night;
The day comes brightening on.

360. C. M. H. K. White.

The Christian's Contest, Rest, and Hope.

1 Through sorrow's night and danger's way,
Amid the deepening gloom,
The soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Their service done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

3 Yet not thus lifeless in the grave
The vital spark shall lie;
O'er nature's ruins it shall rise,
To reach its kindred sky.

4 Then heaven's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent dust shall wake
In strains of endless praise.

361. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The whole Armor.

1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

362. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Warrior.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves;
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,—
Fights the good fight; and takes at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

363. L. M. G. ROGERS

Religion.

1 RELIGION! in its blessed ray
All thought of hopeless sorrow flies,
Despair and anguish melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
How dark our sinful world would be—
A flowerless desert, dry and drear!
Did not this light, O God, from thee
Its gloom dispel, its aspect cheer.

2 Oh! by it many a heart is soothed,
Which else would be with sorrow crushed,
And many a dying pillow smoothed,
And sob of parting anguish hushed.
Across the troubled sky of time
It doth the bow of promise bend,
A symbol of that cloudless clime
That waits the soul when time shall end.

3 Religion! may its holy light
Our footsteps guide to paths of peace!
Our solace in deep sorrow's night,
Our stay as mortal powers decrease.
With this our guide, we care not when
Death's signal to depart is given;
Its word shall bring our spirits then
The calm and holy peace of heaven.

364. L. M. WATTS.

The Humble and Pure Accepted.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One:
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit, and contrite,
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Eternal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord."

365. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

A Call to Prayer.

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

366. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Secret Prayer.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows!
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

367. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Warfare of the Soul.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes!
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

368. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

369. C. M. WATTS.

Christian Courage and Self-denial.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

370. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

371. C. M. MONTGOMERY

What is Prayer?

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry "Behold, he prays!"

372. 7s. M. MRS. HEMANS.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily work to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

373. 7s. & 6s. M. EDIN. LIT. REVIEW.

Pray without ceasing.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

374. L. M. WATTS.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

375. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

376. S. H. M. CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN

Excellence of Faith.

1 FAITH is the Christian's prop
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

377. C. M. BATH COLL.

Prayer for Strong Faith.

1 O, FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

378. C. M. SIDNEY.

Hope.

1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.

2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cherished home,
The haven of his love.

3 So, when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the pilgrim's way.

4 They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.

379. 7s. M. CENNICK.

The Christian rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Ready, leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

380. C. M. H. H. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1 THERE is a hope, a blesséd hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

381. C. M. DRENNAN.

Law of Love.

1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed,
More clearly shows that God is love,
And whom he loves is blessed.

382. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Same.

1 O, MAY our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

2 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

3 O, be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought,
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot!

4 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace,
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heaven embrace.

383. C. M. WATTS

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

384. L. M. BROWNE.

Love to all Mankind.

1 O GOD, my Father, and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill my heart with heavenly love.

2 May I from every act abstain,
That hurts or gives another pain:
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

3 And let my neighbor's prosperous state
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happiness be mine.

4 And though my neighbor's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love;
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Thus let me his disciple prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

385. C. M. ROSCOE.

The Two Commandments.

1 THIS is the first and great command—
To love thy God above;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

2 Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

386. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Love to Enemies our Example.

1 GOD of our mercy and our praise,
Thy glory is our song;
We 'll speak the honors of thy grace
With a rejoicing tongue.

2 When Christ among the sons of men
In humble form was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion moved,
Their peace he still pursued;
They rendered hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5 O, may his conduct, all divine,
To us a model prove:
Like his, O God, our hearts incline
Our enemies to love.

387. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

1 FAITH, hope, and love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.

2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above;
These are the means, but this the end,
For saints forever love.

388. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Graces.

1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

389. C. M. WATTS

A Living and a Dead Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'T is faith that purifies the heart;
'T is faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

390. L. M. SCOTT.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray."

1 THE uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

3 Love God and man — this great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-Belovéd preach.

391. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

Brotherly Love. Ps. 133.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'T is like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;

When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

392. 7s. M. C. WESLEY.

The Harmony of Love.

1 LORD! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings:
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

393. S. M. WATTS.

The Bond of Peace.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

394. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

395. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Church on Earth and in Heaven, One.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make:
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The swelling stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,—
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
And when the word is given,
Sustain us o'er the fearful tide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

396. S. M. BEDDOME.

Christian Unity.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away;
Those should in holy friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

397. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Friendship.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

398. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Charitable Judgment.

1 OMNISCIENT GOD, 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

3 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful, we obey our light,
And judging none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

4 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashioned in thy mould?
And charity our kindred prove
Derived from thee, O God of love?

399. L. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 NOT different food, nor different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

400. S. M. SCOTT.

Private Judgment and Accountability.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

3 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

4 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

401. C. M. NEWTON.

True Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,—
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

402. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

3 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

4 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

403. L. M. SIR H. WOTTON.

The Independent and Happy Man.

1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

404. C. M. LOGAN.

Wisdom.

1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches with splendid honors joined,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

405. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

"They shall walk and not faint."

1 MERE human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

2 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

3 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

406. C. M. WATTS

Hidden Life of the Christian.

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honors here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

407. 8s. M. C. WESLEY.

"That they also may be one in us."

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee;
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

408. S. M. STEELE.

Religion a Support in Life.

1 RELIGION can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

2 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

3 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

4 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour
And soften every grief.

409. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

410. C. M. EXETER COLL.

The Influence of Habitual Piety.

1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord!
His well established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

411. C. M. PROUD

The Happiness of a Christian.

1 WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The sensual life subdued by grace,
And all the soul refined:

2 The desert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briers grew;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.

3 O happy Christian, richly blessed!
What floods of pleasure roll!
By God and man he stands confessed,
In dignity of soul.

4 Substantial, pure, his every joy:
His Maker is his friend;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end.

412. 7s. & 8s. M. BOWRING.

"*He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.*"

1 He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent, while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.

2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.

4 Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep;
Sleep that is o'erwatched by Heaven.

413. C. M. BURNS.

The Happiness of the Righteous.

1 The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore:

2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe,
Still walks before his God.

3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

414. L. M. KEBLE.

"Not that thou wouldst take them out of the world, but keep them from its evil."

1 SWEET is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

2 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

3 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

415. 7s. & 6s. M. COWPER.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

416. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

For a Right Spirit.

1 I WANT a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

417. S. M. WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're maching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

418. S. M. MISS FLETCHER

Where is Heaven?

1 OUR heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'T is where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

3 Where guileless infancy
In happiness doth dwell,
And where the aged one can say
"He hath done all things well."

4 Wherever truth abides
Sweet peace is ever there;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

419. 8s. & 7s. M. J. G. Adams.

Heaven Here.

1 Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness
Cheer the true believer's way,
In this world where sin and sadness
Often change to night our day.

2 Heaven is here; where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen,
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been:

3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing
Are set free, supplied and blest;
Where, in others' anguish sharing,
We can find our surest rest.

4 Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's praise, or rod;
This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

420. L. M. 6 l. Mrs. Case.

God's Kingdom Here.

1 Oh, where, our Saviour! sweeps the line
That marks thy kingdom's holy reign?
Is it where northern meteors shine
Or gilds the cross the southern main?
Where breaks the dawn o'er spicy lands?
Or twilight sleeps on desert sands?

2 Is it where sunny skies grow dim
With smoke of heathen sacrifice?
Or where, in costly domes, the hymn
Is taught on incense clouds to rise?
Nay, nay, thy blessed word has shown
Thy kingdom is the heart alone!

3 That solemn world, whose bounds between
Life's mysteries of birth and death,
Are filled with warring hosts unseen,
Beings of power, though not of breath—
The spirit realm, where'er it be,
Is the dominion swayed by thee.

4 Wild, phantom shapes of gloom and fear,
Roam dimly through the haunted spot,
And earth holds not a land so drear
As the sad heart that owns thee not,
Where sorrows wound and pleasures pall,
And death's dread shadow darkens all.

5 But lift thy sceptre there, its bowers
Shall be serene and sweet and fair,
And, as in time's primeval hours,
The holy ones shall gather there,
And heaven's own peace the soul o'erflow,
E'en while it lingers here below.

421. 7s. M. BEAUMONT

The Heaven Within.

1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.

2 That's a close immured tower,
Which can mock all hostile power;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.

4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it; and may not man?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

DEVOUT EXERCISES.

422. C. M. H. M. Williams.

Habitual Devotion.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;—
That heart shall rest on thee!

423. L. M. BOWRING.

Perpetual Praise.

1 WHEN, wakened by thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.

2 The morning strengthens into noon;
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

3 When 'neath the evening western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
E'en as the pious patriarch did.

4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight, too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

424. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

3 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

425. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Self-Consecration.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O, for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

426. L. M. MOORE.

Breathings of Grace.

1 LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light;

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

427. S. M. COWPER.

Dependence on God.

1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

428. 7s. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

429. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came!

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

4 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

430. C. M. MERRICK

Holy Resignation.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And, O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

431. L. M. 6 l. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for the Comforter.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;

Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

432. L. M. COTTON.

A Peaceful Conscience.

1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys that hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A conscience peaceful to the last.

2 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed;
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

3 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each blow some kind design fulfils;
And can I murmur at my God,
While love supreme directs the rod?

4 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

433. L. M. WATTS.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

434. 7s. & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS

Rising towards Heaven.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

435. L. P. M. ANONYMOUS

Christ Desired.

1 COME, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!

The hungry, dying spirit's food;
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, and shield, and sun;
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

436. C. M. NEWTON.

"Unto you who believe he is precious."

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

437. 11s. M. MRS. HALE.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same!
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever—Amen.

438. C. M. T. WHITTEMORE.

The Same.

1 OUR Father, who in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth, in heaven the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
Our debts, O Lord, forgive,
As we forgive our enemies
And thus obedient live.

3 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil keep us clean;
Thine is the kingdom, glory, power
Forevermore, Amen.

439. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Same.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

440. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 O THOU, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend!
Lo, at the footstool of thy love,
Thy children humbly bend.

2 All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.

3 Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thine exhaustless store,
From day to day with daily bread,—
Nor would we ask for more.

4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve;
From every ill defend.

5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now and evermore.

441. 10s. M. Dr. Johnson. From Boethius.

Seeking God.

1 O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer his clouded mind with light divine.

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

442. S. M. Watts.

Abba, Father.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

443. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's Resolve.

1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

444. L. M. BROWNE.

"Giving thanks to God in all things."

1 GREAT GOD! my joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor intermission knows.

2 Thy kindness all my comforts gives;
My numerous wants thy hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhaustless store.

3 If what I wish thy will denies,
It is that thou art good and wise;
Afflictions, which may make me mourn,
Thou canst, thou dost, to blessings turn.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,
Let all thy favors be imprest;
And though withdrawn thy gifts should be,
In all things I 'll give thanks to thee.

445. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Now are we sons of God."

1 How rich thy favors, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize,
A crown of never-ending bliss,
To our admiring eyes.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

446. C. M. H. H. MILMAN.

Praying for Divine Help.

1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

447. C. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

Come, let us Pray.

1 COME, let us pray: 't is sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Our God will chase our griefs away;
O, glorious thought! — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer.
Our Heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

448. L. M. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Imploring the constant Presence of God.

1 WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

449. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

450. C. M. SMART.

For Prudence and Wisdom.

1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart:

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

451. C. M. MOORE.

Heaven Desired.

1 THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots through air and light—
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

452. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place were Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

453. C. M. STEELE.

Thirsting after God.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.

2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

454. 7s. M. NEWTON.

Self-Distrust.

1 'T is a point I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Father, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

455. L. M. DODDRIDGE

Choosing the Better Part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

456. C. M. WATTS

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

1 GOD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

457. C. P. M. WESLEY'S COLL

True Wisdom.

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

458. L. M. 61. MERRICK

For the Understanding and Influence of God's Word.

1 WHILE here as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

2 Great Source of light to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know:
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight;
That, purged from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.

3 Maker, instructer, judge of all,
O hear us when on thee we call!
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise!

459. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

460. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

1 O, FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

461. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For Freedom from Secret Sin.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the hateful stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

462. S. M. GRÜNBECK.

Self-abandonment to God.

1 LORD! bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord! thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care:
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my needy prayer.

4 So will I firmly trust,
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

463. C. M. COWPER.

Religious Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father — thou art mine!

464. C. M. J. J. GURNEY.

Silent Worship.

1 LET deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread;
So shall the living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

2 How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer!
What though no preacher speak the word
A minister is there:

3 He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control!

4 And, O, how precious is his love
In tender mercy given;
It whispers of the blest above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

5 From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads;
'T is peace, 't is praise without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

6 To thee, O God, we still will pray,
And praise thee as before;
For this thy glorious gospel-day,
Teach us to praise thee more.

465. L. M. 6 l. BOWRING

"Help thou my unbelief."

1 If listening, as I listen still,
O God! to thine instructive word,
In spite of all my spirit's will,
Some whispering voice of doubt is heard,—
That voice spontaneous from the soul,
Which nought can check and nought control;

2 If when most earnestly I pray
For light, for aid, for strength from thee,
Some struggling thoughts will force their way,
And break my soul's serenity;—
If reason, thy best gift, will hold
The sceptre only half controlled:—

3 Help and forgive! heaven's alphabet
Hath many a word of mystery;
I read not all thy record yet,
Though perseveringly I try;
But teach me, Lord! and none shall be
More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.

466. S. M. HERBERT.

Doing all to the Glory of God.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

467. 8s. 7s. & 4s. M. OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this mortal land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

468. C. M. WREFORD.

Prayer for Faith.

1 LORD! I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless, and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief!

469. S. M. WATTS.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
I ever would abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

470. C. M. MONTGOMERY

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,—
In thee may we have peace.

471. L. M. ROSCOE.

The Solace of Faith.

1 WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart;
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

2 I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies;
And think that He who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

3 I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.

4 I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again to whence it came,
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light.

472. C. M. WESLEYAN.

For Purity of Heart.

1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me.

2 O for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within;—

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to thine.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart,
Thy name, O God, is Love.

473. L. M. BOWRING

God's sustaining Presence

1 FATHER and friend, thy light, thy love
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know,—that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

474. S. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Ark of Safety.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

475. C. M. WATTS

"O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes."

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

476. C. M. T. HUMPHRIES.

"Lord, remember me."

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

4 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

477. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord! thy way;
So, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy will aright,—
Thy will, my glory and delight,—
That, raised above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4 O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

478. 7s. M. C. WESLEY.

The Repose of Faith.

1 HAPPY soul, that safe from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

2 Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

3 Let me know thy gracious voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy spirit live:—

4 Live, till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

479. C. M. C. WESLEY.

A Rest Remaineth.

1 LORD! we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;—
For thou art served alone:—

2 A rest where all our souls desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that we now that rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Thou Holiest! now the power bestow,
And let us cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
This unbelief remove:
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

480. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Angels from Heaven Strengthening Him.

1 LORD! in thy garden agony,
No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake;

2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

481. C. M. STEELE.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet, I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

482. C. M. POPE.

Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!—

2 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

3 This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

5 To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

483. C. M. POPE.

The Same.

1 FATHER of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.

2 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

3 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

4 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

5 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

484. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

Seeking God.

1 LIGHT of Life, Seraphic Fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Love of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
Be our heaven—in holiness.

485. C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

"Thy Will be done."

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path;
Should wealth and friends be gone;
Still with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

4 'T is sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning everything to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

486. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Confidence in God.

1 MY GOD! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in thy matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home:

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

487. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Prayer for Religious Principle.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

488. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Divine Help.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weakness,—let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

2 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

4 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

489. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Christian Temper.

1 ALMIGHTY MAKER! Lord of all!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumbered worlds!
Supreme, Eternal King!

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known:
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

4 Feed me with necessary food;
I ask not wealth or fame;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

5 May still my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

490. S. M. METHODIST COLL.

For Holiness.

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
My heavenly Father's will.

491. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

492. S. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

493. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"O God, my soul thirsteth for thee."

1 O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

494. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Knowledge of God.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light!
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thine own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read thy name,
True life to obey thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

495. L. M. 61. ADDISON.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

496. S. M. PATRICK.

The Fatherly Love of God.

1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way,
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 Oh! ever keep my soul
From error, shame and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

497. L. M. J. F. OBERLIN.

Clinging to God.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every earthly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

498. C. M. WATTS

God our Refuge and Hope.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

4 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

499. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

For Grateful Submission.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine;
"Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine."

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

500. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Returning to God.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

501. C. M. WATTS.

Invocation of the Divine Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

502. C. M. BEDDOME.

For Inward Truth.

1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O set me right!
If right, preserve me so!

503. C. M. METHODIST COLL.

Seeking God.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

504. L. M. GRIGG.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of thee;
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe — no good to crave,
No fears to quell — no soul to save.

4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

505. 7s. M. C. Wesley.

The Simplicity of Christ.

1 Lord! that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

3 Then infuse the living grace,
Truthful soul of righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

506. 7s. M. Newton.

Docility and Trust.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

507. L. M. BEARD'S COLL.

God's Care our Comfort.

1 OH! sweet it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care.

2 When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less?
No! ever-gracious Father, no!

3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thy endless day:
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

508. S. M. M. MEGUION.

The Water of Life.

1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O fount of bliss, for thee!
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

509. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Peace with God.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

510. S. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Way of God with the Spirit.

1 'T is God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will;
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

511. L. M. 6 l. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Foretaste of Heaven.

1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light
And all his works of grace explore!

What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

3 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

512. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Whate'er my noblest powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
No light unto my eyes so dear,
No friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I 'll speak the honors of thy name
With my expiring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

513. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LIFE, DEATH AND FUTURITY.

514. C. M. WATTS.

"From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

1 OUR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

515. L. M. COWPER.

The Providence of Life.

1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more!

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 't is thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul forever lives.

4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From strife and sorrow shields my breast,
Or overrules them for the best.

516. 7s. M. 6 l. BOWRING.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

517. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"*Looking for another country, that is an heavenly.*"

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 Oh! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

4 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long, we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

518. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Redeeming the Time.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

319. C. H. M. J. TAYLOR.

What is your Life?

1 O, WHAT is life?—'t is like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life?—'t is like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But, while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon:—to-day 't is here;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life?—if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

520. L. M. BOWRING.

Our Times are in thy Hand.

1 OUR times are in thy hand, and thou
Wilt guide our footsteps at thy will:
Lord, to thy purposes we bow,
Do thou thy purposes fulfil!

2 Life's mighty waters roll along,
Thy spirit guides them as they roll;
And waves on waves impetuous throng
At thy command, at thy control.

3 Lord, we, thy children, look to thee,
And with an humble, prostrate will,
Find in thine all-sufficiency
A claim to love and serve thee still.

521. S. M. EDMESTON.

"Why sayest thou — my way is hid from the Lord?"

1 ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art love:
O hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And O from that bright throne,
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

522. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The Dead speaking to the Living.

1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 Confiding in his heavenly strength,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And never wander from the road
That led them safe to heaven.

523. C. M. BARBAULD.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod:
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

524. C. M. WATTS.

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And fails if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust!

525. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

526. L. M. NEWTON.

Lightning in the Night.

1 A GLANCE from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers:
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

3 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

4 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

527. C. M. J. NEWTON.

The Changes of Life.

1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high!

528. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The Fathers, where are they?"

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

529. L. M. J. ROSCOE.

The Close of Life.

1 MY FATHER! when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom;

2 O, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to thee,
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.

3 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone;
But are not ours the immortal years?

4 Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the joys of time;
And bid my soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.

530. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

To God pertain the issues of Life and Death.

1 SOVEREIGN of life! before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die:
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banished at once from human sight
To the dark grave's mysterious night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

4 The friendly band again shall meet,
Again exchange the welcome sweet;
The dear familiar features trace,
And still renew the fond embrace.

531. C. M. HEBER.

Universal Warning of Death.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

532. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

The Shortness of Life.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
And bid us wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

533. C. M. COLLYER.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command,—

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of light divine
Illume my dying bed.

534. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

535. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 O GOD of love! with cheering ray,
Gild our expiring hour of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wiped away affliction's tear.

2 Free us from death's terrific gloom,
And all the fear which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten our joys, support our head,
Before we sink among the dead.

3 May death conclude our toils and tears!
May death destroy our sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be our friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!

4 Crown our last moment with thy power—
The latest in our latest hour;
Till to the raptured heights we soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

536. L. M. R. HILL.

Prayer for the dying Christian.

1 GENTLY, my Father, let me down
To slumber in the arms of death:
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storms of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest:
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name forever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

537. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.*" Ps. 23.

1 THOU must go forth alone, my soul!
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,—
To tread the narrow vale;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way;
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.

3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
To meet thy God above:
But shrink not—He hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

538. 7s. & 4s. M. MRS. GILBERT.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O, my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day;—

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

539. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Happy Death.

1 LORD, must we die? O let us die
Trusting in thee alone!
Our living testimony given,
Then leave our dying one.

2 If we must die, O let us die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

3 If we must die,—as die we must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear us on his friendly wing
To our celestial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May we but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
We 'll boldly venture through.

540. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Hour of Death, and Entrance on Immortality.

1 O GOD unseen—but not unknown!
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy deity.

2 The moment comes when strength must fail,
When, health and hope and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone:

3 Alone with thee;—in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Saviour and my God:

5 Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

541. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Meditation on Death.

1 BEHOLD the path which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our day.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul! this doom my own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my home the same.

3 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

4 Father! to thee my all I trust;
And if thou call me down to dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in peace at thy command.

542. 7s. M. POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul!

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

543. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Death of the Righteous.

1 SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blessed the righteous when he dies!"

544. C. M. PEABODY.

The Christian's Death.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

545. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Dirge.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noon-day's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid;
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! The spirit 's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison;
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

516. L. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust! the glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

547. C. M. WATTS.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

548. 7s. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.

2 Ready for their glorious crown,—
Sorrows past and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burthen down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life.

4 When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!".

549. L. M. MRS. MACKAY.

"Asleep in Christ."

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power!

3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding place;
On Indian plains, or Lapland's snows,
Believers find the same repose.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

550. C. M. 81. ANONYMOUS.

The Resurrection.

1 ALL nature dies and lives again:
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,—
Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

2 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blessed!
Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
I 'll wait Heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

551. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

The Changes of Nature Types of Immortality.

1 As twilight's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky;
So man's bright hours decline in shade,
And mortal comforts die.

2 The bloom of spring, the summer rose,
In vain pale winter brave;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom knows
A ransom from the grave.

3 But morning dawns and spring revives,
And genial hours return;
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.

4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

552. PECULIAR M. H. WARE, JR.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die:
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy,
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

553. 7s. M. CUDWORTH.

The Same.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high:
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

554. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Nature Transitory — the Soul Immortal.

1 SEE lovely nature raise her head,
In various graces dressed;
Her lucid robe by ocean spread,
Her verdant, flowery vest.

2 How glorious are those orbs of light,
In all their bright array,
That gem the ebon brow of night,
Or pour the blaze of day!

3 One gem of purest ray, divine,
Alone disclaims her power;
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.

4 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace;
The soul no change shall fear;
The God of nature and of grace
Has stamped his image there.

555. C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

556. S. M. STENNETT.

Surpassing Glories of Eternity.

1 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,—
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 But we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

4 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

557. 8s. & 6s. M. W. B. TAPPAN

Heaven Anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 't is heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven, —
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

558. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Society of Heaven.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

559. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

4 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

560. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The World to Come.

1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 That world to come! and O how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale;
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

5 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear,
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.

561. C. M. H. BALLOU

Heavenly Zion.

1 BEHOLD, on Zion's heavenly shore,
A pure and countless band,
Whose conflicts and whose toils are o'er,
In glorious order stand.

2 From earth's remotest bounds they came,
From tribulations great,
And, through the victories of the Lamb,
Have reached the heavenly state.

3 Hunger and thirst they know no more,
From burning heats refreshed;
The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
And give them endless rest.

4 God all their tears shall wipe away,
And they his wonders tell,
While in his temple they shall stay,
And God with them shall dwell.

562. 7s. M. RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

1 HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above
Hark! their songs melodious rise,—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

563. S. M. R. PALMER.

Heavenly Rest.

1 AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Forever blesséd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land.

4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

564. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Better Land.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

565. C. H. M. SACRED LYRICS.

The Everlasting Bliss of Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;—
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;

And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

MOURNING AND CONSOLATION.

566. L. M. BRYANT

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
Grief may abide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

567. 12s. & 11s. M. HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend Departed.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee;
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

568. C. M. BARBAULD.

The Mourner's Thoughts of Heaven.

1 NOT for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 O, might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe!

3 Thence may their pure devotion's flame
On us, on us descend;
To us their strong aspiring hopes,
Their faith, their fervors lend.

4 Let these our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that 's left of good,
To all that 's lost resigned.

569. L. M. NORTON.

Blessedness of the Pious Dead.

1 O, STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O, stay thy tears: the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

570. S. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Weep for yourselves, and for your children."

1 WE mourn for those who toil,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain:
For those who, in the race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase;—
Why mourn for those who rest?

2 We mourn for those who sin?
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair;
Whose hearts, by passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore;—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who sin no more?

3 We mourn for those who weep;
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend:
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
O mourn for them no more!

571. L. M. W. J. Loring.

"Weep not for me!"

1 Why weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who 've fled and left thee mourning here?
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.

2 Weep not for them;—beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.

3 Or round their Father's throne, above,
With raptured voice his praise they sing;
Or on his messages of love,
They journey with unwearied wing.

4 Weep, weep no more; their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God;
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

572. P. M. Montgomery.

Friends die, but to live again.

1 Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

3 Thus, star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

573. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Hope of Reunion above.

1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

574. C. M. WATTS.

Comfort under Bereavements.

1 WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

575. 11s. & 10s. M. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

576. 7s. M. J. H. BANCROFT.

The Christian's Burial.

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept:
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified and blest.

577. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death:
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye;
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave,—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain,—
A home above the sky:
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

578. L. M. FERGUS.

At a Funeral.

1 FAREWELL! what power of words can tell
The sorrows of a last farewell,
When, standing by the mournful bier,
We mingle with our prayers a tear!

2 When memory tells of days gone by,
Of blighted hope and vanished joy:
Bright hopes that withered like a flower,
Cut down and faded in an hour.

3 Give forth thy chime, thou solemn bell,
Thou grave, unfold thy marble cell;
Oh earth! receive upon thy breast
The weary trav'ller to his rest.

4 Oh God, extend thy arms of love,
A spirit seeketh thee above!
Ye heav'nly palaces unclose,
Receive the weary to repose!

579. C. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Burial of a Friend.

1 As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.

2 No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath bell.

3 Yet, if, in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song,—

4 No more we 'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

580. C. M. HOUGHTON

The Re-union of Friends after Death.

1 BLEST be the hour when friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.

2 Sweet hope, deep cherished, not in vain,
Now art thou richly crowned!
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found!

3 The parent eyes his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze:
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's capacious powers.

5 Their Father fans their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

581. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Not lost, but gone before."

1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

582. L. M. EPIS. COLL.

Death of an Infant.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.

4 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

583. L. M. STEELE.

The Same.

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

584. C. M. STEELE.

Death of a Child.

1 LIFE is a span,—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joy shall never die.

585. 7s. & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Children in Heaven.

1 IN the broad fields of heaven,—
In the immortal bowers,
By life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers,—

There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth.

2 They sing of earth and heaven,—
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies:
They all are there,—in heaven,—
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

586. S. M. WILSON.

Death of a Young Girl.

1 WHAT though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmurs o'er a lovelier bed,
In air-groves of the sky.

2 What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim;
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.

3 True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat,
But purer now in heavenly snow,
She lies at Jesus' feet.

4 O star! untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee!
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea.

587. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Dirge for an Infant.

1 LAY her gently in the dust;
Grievous task, but oh! ye must!
Hear the sentence, "earth to earth,

Spirit to immortal birth;"
Youthful, gentle, undefiled,
Angels nurture now the child!

2 Upward soaring, like the dove,
Bearing with her chains of love;
Not to draw her spirit back,
But to smooth her upward track:
Her, the youngest of thy fold,
Angels watch with love untold!

3 With the Rock of Ages trust,
That which was enshrined in dust;
Robed in ever-spotless white,
In an atmosphere of light,
By the never-failing springs
Rests she now her weary wings.

588. C. M. H. Bacon.

Death of a Child.

1 Thou gavest, and we yield to thee,
God of the human heart!
For bitter though grief's cup may be,
Thou givest but our part.

2 O, thou canst bid our grief be stilled,
Yet not rebuke our tears;
How large a place his presence filled!
How vacant it appears!

3 We mourn the sunshine of his smile,
The tendrils of his love;
Oh, was he loved too well the while
Ere he was called above?

4 Our chastened spirits bow in prayer,
And blend all prayers in one,—
Give us the hope to meet him there,
When life's full task is done.

589. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

Death of the Young.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

590. 8s. & 7s. M. S. F. SMITH.

Death of a Young Girl.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

591. 8s. & 7s. M. BAP. MEMORIAL.

Burial of a Christian Brother.

1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow:
Rest; thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake; for he who loved thee,—
He who died that thou mightst live,—
He who graciously approved thee,—
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

592. 10s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Christian in his prime.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave: — no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

593. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an aged Christian.

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

594. C. M. DALE.

Death of a Christian.

1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

595. L. M. FAWCETT.

Death of Parents.

1 THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When honored parents fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4 To thee, our Father, would we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
And on thy gracious love and truth
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

596. 7s. M. H. S. Washburn.

The Pastor's Funeral.

1 Father, gathered round the bier,
Aid thy weeping children here;
All our stricken hearts deplore
Loss of him we meet no more.

2 Tender are the rites we pay,
Pastor, o'er thy sleeping clay;
We, who late the welcome gave,
Must we bear thee to thy grave?

3 Earth, unto thy faithful trust,
We commit this precious dust,
There, by pain no more oppressed,
Brother, thou wilt sweetly rest.

4 Glorious will that morning break,
When the dead in Christ shall wake;
Joy and grief our bosoms swell,
Brother, pastor, guide, farewell.

597. P. M. Anonymous.

Death of a Minister.

1 "On Zion's holy walls
Is quenched a beacon-light,
In vain the watchman calls—
"Sentry! what of the night?"
No answering voice is here,
Say—does the soldier sleep?
O yes—upon the bier,
His watch no more to keep.

2 Still is that heaven-touched tongue,
Pulseless the throbbing breast;
That voice with music strung,
Forever put to rest.
To rest? A living thought,
Undimmed, unquenched, he soars
An essence, spirit-wrought,
Of yon immortal shores.

3 Peace to thee, man of God!
Thine earthly toils are o'er,
The thorny path is trod,
The Shepherd trod before,—
Full well he kept his word—
"I 'm with thee to the end;
Fear not! I am the Lord,
Thy never-failing friend!"

4 We weave no dirge for thee,
It should not call a tear
To know that thou art free;
Thy home—it was not here!
Joy to thee, man of God!
Thy heaven-course is begun,
Unshrinking, thou has trod
Death's vale,—thy race is run.

598. 8s. & 7s. M. L. H. Sigourney.

The Same.

1 Pastor, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourner's bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

3 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

4 May the conquering faith, that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

599. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Same.

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;—

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue?

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

600. 7s. & 6s. M. C. WESLEY.

Adieu to a Departed Christian Friend.

1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal,
Our poor, afflicted friend;
Go, pass the heavenly portal,
To God, thy glorious end.

2 The Author of thy being
Hath summoned thee away;
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.

3 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place.

4 No loss of friends shall grieve thee;
That — we alone must bear;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.

5 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped to-day;
And we shall mount to-morrow,
And soar to thee away.

601. 7s. M. C. WESLEY.

The Christian's Death.

1 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God:
Lo! the pain of life is past,
And his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more,

2 Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallowed up of life;
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth his spirit flies
To the Lord he loved, and sings
Triumphing in paradise.

3 Join we then with one accord
In the new and joyful song;
Absent from our glorious Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
Better joys with him to share;
We shall see the realms of day,
We shall meet our brethren there.

602. C. M. KNOWLES.

The Mourner Comforted.

1 O, WEEP not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away,
For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
The clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
For bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 O weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given;
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

603. C. M. WILSON.

Consolations in Bereavement.

1 THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to die!"

2 The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone;
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest,
Their monumental stone.

3 But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs:
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

4 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy;
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

5 Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come;
O idle grief! O foolish tears!
When Jesus calls us home.

604. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 O, FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

3 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,—
Our praises and our tears.

605. L. M. 61. SARAH F. ADAMS.

"And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."

1 THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden-sepulchre;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
For him, the loved one buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

2 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom!
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SUBMISSION AND RELIANCE.

606. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Trust ye in the Lord."

1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

2 When clouds of dark temptation rise,
And pour their wrath on me,
To thee for aid I turn my eyes,
And fix my trust on thee.

3 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.

4 Lord,—"Not my will but thine be done!"
My soul from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

607. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Weeping Seed-Time and Joyful Harvest. Ps. 126.

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
And nature pours forth all her tears.

2 But seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown:
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

3 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain:
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

4 Then shall the trembling mourner come
And bind his sheaves and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

608. L. M. 61. GRANT.

"He is able to save unto the uttermost."

1 WHEN vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

2 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

3 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed — for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

609. C. M. COTTON.

God, the Refuge of the Afflicted.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more to us than all the world,
Our Health, our Life, our God.

610. L. M. MISS DODD.

"Thy will be done."

1 My Father, grant thy presence nigh
To bear aloft my sinking soul,
When sorrow o'er my pathway here
In widely whelming waves doth roll.
O, teach mine else unguarded heart,
The clouds of gloomy doubt to shun,
To bow unto thy chastening hand,
And meekly say "Thy will be done."

2 Though dark to us thy ways may seem,
Thy needful chastisements severe;
Thou dost not willingly afflict,
Nor grieve thy erring children here.
O, teach my heart to lean on thee,
Tc faith and resignation won,
To see thy love in all its ways,
And humbly say, "Thy will be done."

611. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Holy Contentment.

1 Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I 'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

612. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS

Invocation of our Father's Presence.

1 O FATHER,—draw us after thee!
So shall we run and never tire;
Thy presence still our comfort be,
Our hope, our joy, our sole desire;
Thy Spirit grant;—for neither fear
Nor sin can come, while that is here.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable, thou hast us viewed;
Before these beating hearts did move,
Thy tender mercies us pursued:
Ever with us may they abide,
And close us in on every side.

3 In suffering be thy love our peace;
In weakness be thy love our power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O God! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou our guide,
And bear us through death's whelming tide.

613. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in all Changes.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name;
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see:
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

614. 7s. M. COWPER.

Welcome, Cross.

1 'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil:
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

615. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Thy will be done."

1 WHEN called, O Lord, to mourn the doom
Of one affection held most dear,—
While o'er the closing, silent tomb,
The bleeding heart distils the tear,—
Though love its tribute sure will pay,
And early streams of solace shun,
Still, still the humble soul would say,
In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."

2 Whate'er, O Lord, thou hast designed
To bring my soul to thee in trust,
If miseries or afflictions kind,—
For all thy dealings, Lord, are just,—
Take all, but grant, in goodness free,
That love which ne'er thy stroke should shun;
Support this heart and strengthen me
To say in faith. "Thy will be done."

616. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"My times are in thy hand."

1 TO THEE, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

4 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

617. C. M. TATE & BRADY

Praising God through all Changes.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who in his succor trust.

4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

618. S. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God.

1 FROM early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

2 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

3 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

619. C. M. COWPER.

Resignation and Trust.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

620. L. M. BOWRING.

The Same.

1 ON light-beams breaking from above,
The eternal course of mercy runs;
And by ten thousand cords of love
Our heavenly Father guides his sons.

2 Amidst affliction's thickest host,
And sorrow's darkest, mightiest band,
The heavenly cord is drawn the most,
And most is felt the heavenly hand.

3 Oh, be it mine to feel, to see
Through earth's perplexed and varying road,
The cords that link us, God, to thee,
And draw us to thine own abode.

621. L. M. NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know:
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

622. C. M. WATTS.

Confidence in God.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I 'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

623. C. M.

Comforts of Religion.

1 When gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade,—

2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

3 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
This blest supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.

4 O may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief!

624. L. M. Tate & Brady.

Confidence in the Divine Care.

1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
Who graciously inclined his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

4 Who, then, deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

625. C. P. M. COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies;
Nor need we roam abroad:
The world has little to bestow;
From pious hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.

2 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This is the wise, the virtuous part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

3 Thus through life's changing scenes we 'll go,
Its checkered paths of joy and woe,
With holy care we 'll tread:
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

626. C. M. AVELING.

Fear not.

1 WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind,—
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find,—
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low complaining sigh:
Fear not; thy God is near.

2 When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures,
Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:
Fear not; thy God is near.

3 And when the final hour shall come,
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest,
Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,
No ills shall meet thee there;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
Fear not; thy God is near.

627. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trust in the Presence and Help of God.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.

4 While we his gracious succor prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades, through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

628. L. M. BEDDOME.

Submission.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let one murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work,—the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.

629. C. M. BURDER'S COLL.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I 'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

630. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I 'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
That brings me near to thee.

631. L. M. BOWRING.

God Merciful in Affliction.

1 MYSTERIOUS are the ways of God,
And fear and blindness oft repine;
We murmur 'neath his chastening rod,
Because we read not his design.

2 Impending clouds his love has spread
O'er this low vale where mortals dwell;
And oft we mourn his spirit fled,
When adverse tempests round us swell.

3 But in those storms that sometimes roll,
Our mortal dwellings dark above,
Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
Dwells the bright presence of his love.

4 We cannot see him — not a ray
Of all his glory there appears,
And oft we thread our darkened way,
Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.

5 Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,
While hope's bright star illumes our night;
Pilgrims of earth! though dark the tomb,
It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

632. C. M. MOORE.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

633. C. M. DRUMMOND.

"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."

1 BEREFT of all, when hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O what can save us from despair?
What dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand with lenient skill
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to peace can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul, to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

634. L. M. MONTGOMERY

The Same.

1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blessed,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

635. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Trust amid the Severities of God.

1 THOU Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will.

2 Then all I want,—O do thou grant
This one request of mine,—
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

636. 7s. & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God. Ps. 27.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thine heart shall strengthen;
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

637. S. M. MORAVIAN.

Reliance on God.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, God counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

5 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

638. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praising God in Life and in Death.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

4 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

639. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faithfulness of God's Promise.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure, | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines,
In radiant lines, | Through all the flame.

640. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

641. 8s. & 7s. M. DUBLIN COLL.

Praise from Earth and Heaven.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

642. C. M. WATTS.

Experience of God's Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

4 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

643. C. M. BEDDOME.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

644. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Rejoicing in God, our Father.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls us his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all these comforts flow.

645. C. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

646. 7s. & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 To THEE, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 Thy gracious love possessing
In all my pilgrim road,
My soul shall feel thy blessing
In thy divine abode.
There bowing down before thee,
My every conflict o'er,
My spirit shall adore thee,
Forever, evermore.

647. P. M. WARREN ST. COLL.

Triumph.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
And scattered their legions was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

648. C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Psalm 23.

1 My Shepherd is the Lord on high;
His hand supplies me still;
In pastures green he makes me lie,
Beside the rippling rill:
He cheers my soul, relieves my woes,
His glory to display;
The paths of righteousness he shows,
And leads me in his way.

2 Though walking through death's dismal shade,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod, thy staff shall lend me aid,
For thou art ever near:
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint my head;
By thee my cup o'erflows.

3 Thy goodness and thy mercy sure
Shall bless me all my days;
And I, with lips sincere and pure,
Will celebrate thy praise:

Yes, in the temple of the Lord
Forever I will dwell;
To after time thy name record,
And of thy glory tell.

649. 8s. & 7s. M. BOWRING.

The Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

650. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Glorying in Christ.

1 Let not the wise their wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
In Christ through endless ages mine.

651. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Way to the Heavenly City.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your Father, God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still,
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

652. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grace first and last in Salvation.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

THE CHURCH, AND ORDINANCES.

653. 8s. & 7s. M. J. NEWTON

"Glorious things spoken of Zion."

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

654. S. M. WATTS

Safety of the Church.

1 How honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

655. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Jewish and the Christian Zion. Ps. 48.

1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence;
How weak, how powerless is each arm,
Against Omnipotence!

656. S. M. WATTS.

Gospel Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

657. S. M. DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Father and Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

658. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Christian Fellowship.

1 Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One Wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

659. S. M. Fawcett.

Christian Fellowship.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and sin,
Soon shall we all be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

660. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Joined to God's People.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

661. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

On Receiving Members.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous grace,
Who crown'st the gospel with success;
Subjecting sinners to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confessed
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, and holiness.

3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above.

662. L. M. KELLY.

A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's care our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love:
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

663. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Welcome to Fellowship.

1 APPROACH thou blesséd of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.

664. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

On Joining the Church.

1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my Lord!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad!

2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

4 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

665. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Dedication of Children to God and Christ.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
God's guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

666. C. M. STENNETT.

Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all-divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 With joy, I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them on my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

5 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
"Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine."

667. L. M. W. BOSTON COLL.

Dedication of Children.

1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity;
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We too may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

668. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

Children commended to Christ.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know—thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

669. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ calling Children to Himself.

1 THE Saviour gently calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee:
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

670. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Infant Baptism.

1 DROP the limpid waters now
On the infant's sinless brow;
Dedicate the unfolding gem
Unto Him, who blessed the stem.

2 Let our aspirations be
Innocent as infancy;
Pure the prayers that force their way,
As the child for whom we pray.

3 In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree;
Be its blossoms and its fruit
Worthy of the Christian root.

4 To that garden now we bring
Waters from the living spring;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One! with holiness.

5 When life's harvests all are past,
Oh, transplant the tree at last,
To the fields where flower and tree
Blossom through eternity.

671. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn for Baptism.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

672. S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Baptism.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

673. C. M. JAS. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove,—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

674. L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Same.

1 'T IS done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

2 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

3 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

675. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Before Communion.

1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,—
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn we would rejoice;
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

676. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

Proper Dispositions for the Communion.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love!
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

677. L. M. WATTS.

Institution of the Lord's Supper.

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When all the powers of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,—
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

678. L. M. DUBLIN COLL.

"This do in remembrance of me."

1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your Friend!"
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we 'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee transcends.

3 'T is pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

679. 7s. M. BOWRING.

A Communion Hymn.

1 NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

2 'T is his memory we record,
'T is his virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.

3 Yes, we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour; and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

680. 10s. M. BEARD'S COLL.

"*And all that believed were together.*" Acts 4: 44.

1 RESTORE, O Father! to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant church of yore;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;
But linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith, by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

681. 7s. M. PRATT'S COLL

Spiritual Nourishment.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of Life! oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

682. S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

2 O Thou, who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

3 We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died;—

4 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

683. C. M. DALE.

Christ Blessing the Bread.

1 BEHOLD, amid his little flock,
The Saviour stands serene,
Unawed by suffering yet to be,
Unchanged by what hath been.

2 Still beams the light of love undimmed
In that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word,
Aught speaks him soon to die.

3 He pours within the votive cup
The rich blood of the vine,
And "Drink ye all the hallowed draught,"
He cries, "This blood is mine."

4 He breaks the bread; then clasps his hands,
And lifts his eyes in prayer,
Receive ye this and view by faith
My body symbolled there.

684. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Law of Love.

1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affection move?
This is the proof which he demands,—
That you each other love.

685. S. M. PARADISE ST. COLL

The Saviour Commemorated.

1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board:
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Then let our powers unite,
His sacred name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 And while we share the gifts
Which from his gospel flow,
O, may our hearts to all mankind
With warm affection glow.

686. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both my friendship shall be sweet,
And my communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care;
My Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

4 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

687. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

The Eucharist.

1 As in solemn congregation
We attend upon thy house,
For the sweet commemoration
And renewal of our vows;
Let thy favor, with us resting,
Consecrate the bread and wine;
May we, of thy goodness tasting,
All be filled with love divine!

2 Jesus gave the sacred token
Of his passion, wine and bread,
Symbols of his body broken,
And his blood for sinners shed.
To the rite we come, confessing
Free redemption, grace unbought;
His be every name of blessing,
For his love, surpassing thought!

3 May thy counsels, King of glory!
Grateful awe and rapture move,
As we meditate the story
Of the Saviour's dying love;
Hear us, Lord, of thee entreating
Strength to walk in Jesus' ways!
God of light, shine on our meeting!
God of grace, accept our praise!

688. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Lord's Table.

1 MILLIONS of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

2 Yet is his house and heart so large
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

3 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

689. S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O, FOR a prophet's fire,
O, for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung.

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.

690. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"This do in remembrance of me."

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

691. C. M. NOEL.

"We love him because he first loved us."

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel that friends are nigh;

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed;
"Meet, and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O, memory, leave no other name
But his, recorded there.

692. S. M. WATTS.

"Whosoever will, let him come!"

1 Jesus invites his friends
To meet around his board,
And join in blest communion here
With him their gracious Lord.

2 For us he gave his life;
For us he gave his blood;
To save from sin our thankless race,
And bring them back to God.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his grace,
And he the elder Son.

4 Let all our souls unite
A grateful song to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

693. L. M. WATTS.

A View of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

694. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

Close of Communion Service.

1 PITY the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy faithful race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

695. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Joy attend us in believing!
Peace from God, through endless day!

696. L. M. MONTGOMERY

On Laying the Corner-stone of a Church.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,—
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their Heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

697. L. M. WILLIS.

Dedication Hymn.

1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

2 The mountains in their places stood,—
The sea, the sky,—and "all was good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord! 't is not ours to make the sea,
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

698. L. M. PIERPONT

The Same.

1 O, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

699. 7s. M. E. H. Chapin.

The Same.

1 Father, lo! we consecrate
Unto thee this house and shrine,
Oh! may Jesus visit here,
As he did in Palestine.
Here may blind eyes see his light,
Deaf ears hear his accents sweet,
And we, like those groups of old,
Sit and linger at his feet.

2 And to learn of faith and love,
Strong in sorrow, pain and loss,
May we come and find them here,
In the garden, on the cross.
Like the spices that enfold
Him we love in rich perfume,
May our thoughts embalm him here,
While he slumbers in the tomb.

3 When we watch by shrouded hopes,
Weeping at death's marble door,
May the angels meet us here—
Lo! your Christ has gone before!
And while we stand "looking up,"
In our faith and wonder lost,
Here send down thy Spirit's power,
Like the tongues of Pentecost.

700. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

God's Temple in the Heart.

1 Who shall a temple build for him,
Who fills the heaven of heavens alone?
Who shall exalt his glorious name,
Fixed in his everlasting throne?

2 Yet many a lowly fane shall rise,
Which God himself will not disdain:
He will accept the sacrifice;
Nor shall the offering e'er be vain.

3 No gorgeous dome, nor boastful vow,
Can e'er find favor in his sight:
The humble votary, meek and low,—
The holy soul, are his delight.

4 On these his grace and mercy rest,
Nor from their shrines will he depart:
His temple is the righteous breast;
His altar is the pious heart.

701. H. M. O. A. SKINNER.

Dedication Hymn.

1 THOU Fount of love and grace,
Whose throne is fixed on high,
Unveil thy smiling face,
And to our souls draw nigh;
And let our prayers and praise arise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.

2 This house to thee we give—
Thine may it ever be—
Here bid the sinner live,
Here set the captive free,
Here let thy word its beams display
And safely guide to endless day.

3 Here may the stricken heart
By truth be cheered and blessed,
And here thy grace impart,
To all by grief oppressed—
And streams of peace and plenty flow,
To all who seek thy joy to know.

4 Long may these walls resound
With thy salvation, Lord,
And grace to all abound,
Who hear thy holy word—
And youth and age their offerings raise
In songs of ardent, cheerful praise.

702. L. M. J. G. Adams.

Dedication of a Country Church.

1 On this fair spot where nature pays
From hill, and vale, and flower, and tree,
In morning beams, in evening rays,
Its homage, God of all, to thee;—

2 Thy children meet to dedicate
This temple to thy gracious name;
Our hearts and songs to elevate,—
Thy grace and glory to proclaim.

3 Descend—and with thy spirit bless
The offering; may it ever be
Sacred to truth and righteousness,
From error's dread dominion free.

4 Here let the standard of thy word
Be raised and held by gospel hands;
Hither bring hearts with one accord,
To learn and do thy great commands.

5 And when we leave these courts below,
To join the hosts in praise above,
May others here rejoice to know
Thy boundless, everlasting love.

703. C. M. Bryant.

Dedication Hymn.

1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray!

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies!

704. L. M. WATTS.

A House for God.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Here sinners, waiting at his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word."

705. H. M. FRANCIS.

Prayer for God's Presence and Blessing.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

706. L. M. E. H. CHAPIN.

The Same.

1 OUR Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty.

Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

707. L. M. PIERPONT.

Ordination Hymn.

1 O THOU, who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death,—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,—
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

708. 8s. & 6s. M. S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

1 BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far,—
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.

3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love,—
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Spirit divine to thee,
When they whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

709. L. M. H. Ware, Jr.

Ordination or Installation.

1 O Thou, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long expected one,
And seal the messenger of love;

2 And when the heralds of his name
Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head;

3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day;
Accept our work, our souls possess,
'T is ours to labor, watch, and pray;
Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

710. C. M. E. H. Chapin.

Ordination Hymn.

1 O Thou, who didst ordain the Word,
And its strong heralds send,
We draw the holy veil of prayer,
And in thy presence bend.
To this young warrior of the cross,
Who takes his station here,
Be thou a teacher and a guide,
And be thy Spirit near.

2 A pure disciple, let him tread
The ways his Master trod —
Giving the weary spirits rest,
Leading the lost to God —

Stooping to lend the sufferer aid,
Crushed sorrow's wail to hear,
To bind the widow's broken heart,
And dry the orphan's tear.

3 For war with error, make him strong,
And sin, the soul's dark foe—
But let him humbly seek for truth,
Where'er its waters flow.
And when, O Father, at the grave
He lays his armor down,
Give him the victor's glistening robe,
The palm-wreath and the crown.

711. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor Welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant; so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

712. 8s. & 7s. M. J. G. Adams.

Charge to a Pastor.

1 Herald of the Lord's salvation,
Watchful in thy station stand;
Heed the heavenly proclamation,
Heed the Master's great command.
Mark old error's gathering forces
Compassing our Zion round;
Know in truth thine own resources,
Give the trumpet's certain sound!

2 Christ proclaim in the new station,
Herald, now assigned to thee;
That the waiting congregation
God's salvation here may see.
Christ proclaim—no line abating
Of the counsel of the Lord;
From no promise deviating;
From no precept; "preach the word."

3 Then, God's blessing resting o'er thee,
And his truth, by night, by day,
Cloud and pillar bright before thee,
Shall make glad thy gospel way;
Till thy work well done, the greeting
Of the Master will be given;
Till we rise to that one meeting—
Pastor—people—all—in heaven!

713. 7s. M. E. Peabody.

Ordination or Installation.

1 Lift aloud the voice of praise!
God, our Father and our Friend,
Hear the prayer and song we raise,
Weak, yet trusting, we would bend.

2 Lo! another servant brought
To the heritage of God;—
May he teach as Christ hath taught,
Tread the path his Saviour trod.

3 To the vineyard may he come
Girded with celestial might;
Skilled to draw thy children home,
Taught to give the darkened light.

4 Unto thee, a people bend,—
Bind us heart to heart in love;
Flock and pastor, we would tend
Ever toward our home above.

714. H. M. MRS. CASE.

The Same.

1 LORD! on thy Zion's wall
A faithful watchman stands,
And hears the solemn call
Of anxious, waiting bands,
Who seek along the waning night
For heralds of thy coming light.

2 Oh, may he never sleep
Upon his weary post,
Nor shrink, though round him sweep
The storm's embattled host;
But, whatsoe'er the night may be,
Stand firm in duty and in thee!

3 And let his visioned eye
Rest on the truth sublime,
That sin and woe shall fly
Before advancing time,
Till in thine own eternal day
The latest tear hath passed away.

4 And when his watch is done,
Oh, let unclouded light,
From heaven's all glorious sun
Gleam on his closing sight:—
That all who see his death, shall know
His spirit walked with thee below.

715. 6s. & 4s. M. J. G. Adams.

The Same.

1 Sovereign of worlds above!
From thy blest throne of love,
To us appear;
Help, as we raise to thee,
Prayers of humility,
Praises of spirits free;
And wilt thou hear.

2 Be thy rich blessing shed
On thy young servant's head,
In this bright hour,
Who at thine altar stands,
With trusting heart and hands,
Waiting thy true commands,—
Seeking thy power.

3 Grant him thy wisdom, Lord,
And with thy mighty word
Armed may he be;
Faithful in teaching here,
Moved by thy holy fear,—
May his great charge be dear,
Father, to thee.

4 And when, his toilings ceased,
To heaven, from earth released,
Thou bid him come;
Then, where no sin-cloud lowers,
Be his glad theme and ours,
Love's high redeeming powers,
Man's endless home!

716. 8s. 7s. & 4s. M. L. C. Browne.

The Same.

1 As the evening shadows gather
O'er us, from thy holy hill
May thy blessing, righteous Father,
Like the evening dew distil;
And thy presence
Every heart with rapture fill!

2 While in summer's warmth and beauty,
We our brother set apart
To the pastor's solemn duty,
May thy spirit warm his heart;
Without measure,
Wisdom, strength and love impart.

3 To perform the sacred function
As thy servant we ordain,
Father, may the holy unction
Fall on him, like summer rain!
Make him fertile,
Bearing fruit like golden grain.

4 In the path of duty guide him,
Firm in virtue may he stand;
And from storm and peril, hide him
In the hollow of thy hand;
Keep his footsteps
Till he tread the better land.

5 When at last his toils are over,
Summer ended, autumn near,
May he and his flock, like clover
Ripened for the scythe, appear;
And when falling,
Guardian angels linger near.

717. 8s. 7s. & 4s. M. E. H. CHAPIN.

The Same.

1 FATHER! at this altar bending,
Set our hearts from world-thoughts free;
Prayer and praise their incense blending,
May our rites accepted be:
Father, hear us,
Gently draw our souls to thee.

2 Deign to smile upon this union
Of a pastor and a flock;
Sweet and blest be their communion:
May he sacred truths unlock—
And this people
Plant their feet on Christ the Rock.

3 Be his life a living sermon,
Be his thoughts one ceaseless prayer:
Like the dews that fell on Hermon,
Making green the foliage there,
May his teachings
Drop on souls beneath his care.

4 Here may Sin repent its straying,
Here may Grief forget to weep,
Here may Hope its light displaying,
And blest Faith, their vigils keep,
And the dying
Pass from hence in Christ to sleep.

5 When *his* heart shall cease its motion,
All its toils and conflicts o'er;
When *they* for an unseen ocean,
One by one, shall leave the shore;
Pastor, people, there—in heaven,
May they meet to part no more.

718. C. M. H. Bacon.

The Same.

1 Not for the prophet tongue of fire,
Nor voice of trumpet tone,
We lift our prayer, Immortal Sire,
For him before thy throne.

2 We ask for wisdom's gifts and grace,
The heart alive to love,
The earnest zeal to save our race,
All selfish aims above.

3 Lord, bless him now! By holy rite,
We consecrate to thee!
Make to his eye the chief delight
Christ's prospering work to see.

4 Bold let him be for truth and man,
For God and righteousness!
Free let him speak the gospel plan,
And the whole truth confess.

5 Be cloud and fire about his way,
Till Canaan's land is trod!
Then o'er his grave thy church shall say,
He led us to our God!

ASSOCIATIONS, CONVENTIONS, AND MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

719. C. M. Doddridge.

For a Meeting of Ministers.

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give:
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

720. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Burden and Conflict of the Ministry.

1 ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 By the thorn-wood, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

3 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver·
O, for their sake, press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

721. L. M. A. Balfour.

Ministers Charged and Encouraged.

1 Go, messengers of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be yours to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry,—food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

3 O faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

722. S. M. Wesleyan.

Call to Labor in God's Vineyard.

1 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

2 O let us then proceed
In God's great work below,
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 And let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

4 What honor to behold,
In that sublime abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the men of God!

5 Then spend our days beneath,
Toiling in cheerful hope;
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

723. L. M. EPISCOPAL COLL

For Laborers in God's Harvest.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our degenerate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

724. 7s. M. BYRANT.

A Blessing invoked on Christian Teachers.

1 MIGHTY One, before whose face,
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on those, who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

725. L. M. H. Ballou.

At an Annual Convention.

1 Dear Lord, behold thy servants, here,
From various parts together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2 The reapers cry, "Thy fields are white,
All ready to be gathered in,
And harvests wave in changing light,
Far as the eye can trace the scene."

3 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
With holy love our bosoms fill;
O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.

4 While we attend thy churches' care
O grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent thought and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love.

726. L. M. Hymns of Zion.

The Same.

1 Brethren, beloved for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communion pure and sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise;
We but desire to speak of him,
And of his holy word and ways.

4 Thus as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder and adore;
Then hasten on, the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

727. C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

The Same.

1 JOINED in a union firm and strong,
No foe our ranks can break;
To victory we press along,
And glorious warfare make.
Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
Against a host of sins;
And angels every Christian hail
Whose love a conquest wins.

2 Then let our ranks, more closely joined,
With shield and buckler stand;
A kingdom we at last shall find,
The promised spirit-land.
Let all with harmony of voice,
In lofty praises join;
Let every soul in Christ rejoice,
With rapture all divine.

3 The kindling flame begins to glow,
Each heart grows warm with love;
And we enjoy on earth below,
The bliss of heaven above!

O thus forever may we feel,
And evermore display
Devotion's pure and holy zeal,
In Zion's chosen way.

728. 7s. & 6s. M. J. G. ADAMS

The Same.

1 OUR Father — ever living!
Once more thy children come,
In joy and true thanksgiving,
To this their gospel home.
United — from dissension
Kept by thy goodness free —
Again in glad Convention
Our vows we pay to thee.

2 The Past! Its ways are beaming
With thy sure mercies, Lord —
Thy truth and grace redeeming,
Sent o'er the earth abroad,
The hoary shrines of error
Have cast aside; and free
From darkness, doubt, and terror
Its children come to thee.

3 The Present! Loudly sounding,
Its cheering tones are heard;
Be our full hearts abounding
In its strong Hope and Word!
Be strength and wisdom, Father!
Bestowing what we need,
Truth's harvest-sheaves to gather —
Christ's kingdom here to speed.

4 The Future! Indications
Of mightier works are there: —
Truth's promised revelations;
Thine arm of power made bare;

From sin's dread reign exemption:
Man's life in Christ, divine;
The erring world's redemption;
The glory, Father, thine!

729. C. M. MRS. SAWYER

The Same.

1 WE gather in the name of God,
And, bowing down the head,
We stretch our waiting hands abroad,
And humbly ask for aid:
For aid, when o'er the spirit's day,
Thick clouds of darkness rest,
That we may chase the gloom away,
And light the darkened breast.

2 For strength to lead the poor, the weak
Who tread the vale of years,—
For pity's hand to dry the cheek
Where sorrow sits in tears;
For hope, the beautiful and bright,
That whispers, "Ne'er despond!"
For faith, that through the darkest night
Still sees a star beyond.

3 Bold heralds of the cross, O God,
Undaunted send us forth;
Salvation be our rallying word,—
Our field, the boundless earth;
Love on our lips, and in our soul,
Our labors never done;
O Sovereign Helper! till the goal
By all at last be won.

730. 7s. M. H. K. White

Closing Hymn at an Association.

1 Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine!

731 C. M. Sutton.

The Same.

1 Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To sing what God hath done.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which gospel grace hath given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which love divine hath given:
The hope, when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
That blessed meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
It is the hope, the precious hope,
Which boundless grace hath given:
The hope, when time shall be no more,
We all shall meet in heaven.

732. C. M. W. WARD.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise

733. 7s. & 6s. M. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

734. 7s. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The Same.

1 Go! ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high!
Where th' lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

2 Go! to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep;
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep!

O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

3 When the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast:
Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the Cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free!

735. C. M. S. W. Livermore.

The Western Churches.

1 Our pilgrim brethren dwelling far,—
O God of truth and love,
Light thou their path with thine own star,
Bright beaming from above.

2 Wide as their mighty rivers flow,
Let thine own truth extend;
Where prairies spread and forests grow,
O Lord, thy gospel send.

3 Then will a mighty nation own
A union firm and strong;—
The sceptre of th' eternal throne
Shall rule its councils long.

736. C. P. M. Episcopal Coll.

On Western Missions.

1 When, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,

Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Father, we own this debt of love;
O, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast,
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise, to fix thy name,
Through all our boundless West!

737. L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL

Missionaries Encouraged.

1 YE Christian heralds,—go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name:
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

EARLY RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

738. 7s. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

Prayer for Children.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

739. C. M. BP. HEBER.

Early Religion.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

5 O Thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

740. 7s. & 6s. M. S. F. Smith.

"Remember thy Creator."

1 "Remember thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

741. C. M. Watts.

Early Piety.

1 When children give their hearts to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'T will please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.

742. C. M. GIBBONS.

The Same.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In Nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

743. L. M. LANDON.

Permanence of Early Religious Impressions.

1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears
So soon to be destroyed by sin;—

2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

5 Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek, thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

744. C. M. WATTS.

Importance of the Bible to the Young.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives, from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road:
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

745. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Youth and the Spring-time.

1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly, glittering drops;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

746. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

"Remember thy Creator."

1 In the glad morn of life, when youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul,— before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief may cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

747. 8s. & 7s. M. R. STREETER.

Children's Prayer.

1 GOD of mercy and of wisdom,
Hear thy children's lisping cry;
Let thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Teaching lessons from on high.

2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,
Up to heaven for wisdom look;
Lord, in mercy deign to meet us,—
Meet us in thy sacred book.

3 Since thy truth doth gild its pages,
May that truth, Lord, make us free;
On the Rock of endless ages
Let our faith established be.

4 To our faith we 'll add the graces,
Virtue, knowledge, patience, love;
When on earth we leave our places,
Raise us all to seats above.

748. 7s. M. GREY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above:
Charity for all mankind—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

749. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Opening of the School.

1 WE have met in peace together
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain,
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing:
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.

2 We have met, and Time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:

Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

3 He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest:
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

750. C. M. WILLIAM CUTTER

Youthful Example.

1 WHAT if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I 'll tarry in the sky?

2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

4 Go thou, and strive to do thy share—
One talent,—less than thine,—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

751. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Sabbath School Anniversary.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, may strike
Some in our number marked to fall:
Be young and old prepared alike;
The warning is to each, to all.

4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew;
Send teachers, children, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

752. L. M. ANONYMOUS

For the Close of a Sabbath School.

1 FATHER, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only Friend.

2 Since every day and hour that 's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned,
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure as time rolls round.

3 Hear then the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone;
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

753. 6s. & 4s. M. J. G. Adams.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

1 Creation's sovereign Lord!
Be thy glad name adored
Through earth and sky!
Hear, as in youthful days
To thee we humbly raise
Songs of our grateful praise,
Holy and high!

2 Thanks for thy light so free,
Causing our eyes to see
Thy truth and grace;
Love, that dispels our fear,
Mercy, to sinners dear,
Life, dying souls to cheer,
For all our race.

3 Thanks, that on hearts like ours
Thy loving kindness showers
Knowledge divine;
O let its influence be
Fruitful in works for thee,
Causing in purity
Our lives to shine.

4 Bless this our childhood band,
And let us ever stand
Truthful and strong;
Christians in deed and love,
Such as thou wilt approve,
Till we in worlds above
Thy praise prolong!

754. 7s. & 6s. M. S. S. Choir

The Same.

1 When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as king he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We 'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

755. 7s. & 6s. M. Boston S. S. H. Book.

Anniversary of Independence.

1 We come with joy and gladness
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For 't is a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth:
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—
Proud men shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near:
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted and were blest.

756. 8s. & 7s. M. HORNE.

Autumn Warnings.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,—
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 On the tree of life eternal,
Let our highest hopes be staid:
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

757. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Death of a Teacher.

1 FAREWELL, dear friend! a long farewell!
For we shall meet no more
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happy shore.

2 Our friend and brother, lo! is dead!
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.

3 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell,—
Soon we shall rise to thee;
And when we meet, no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.

4 No more we 'll mourn thee, parted friend,
But lift our ardent prayer,
And every thought and effort bend
To rise and join thee there.

758. 12s. & 11s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THOUGH lost to our sight, we may not deplore thee,
The clear light of faith shall illumine thy road;
All through the dark valley shall angels watch o'er thee,
And guide thee in peace to the home of thy God.

2 Thy heart, while on earth, in his praises delighted,
Thy voice ever spoke of his fatherly love;
And now, by life's shadows no longer benighted,
Thou wilt love him and praise him in heaven above.

3 And there may we meet when life shall be ended,
All tears wiped away, and all errors forgiven,
And there may our prayers together be blended
In the sweet song of praise to our Master in heaven.

759. L. M. S. S. Choir.

Death of a Scholar.

1 We come our Sabbath hymn to raise,
Our earnest, humble prayer to pour;
One voice is hushed, its notes of praise
Shall mingle here with ours no more.

2 The lips are still, the eye is dim,
That brightly beamed with joy and love;
The spirit, it hath gone to Him
Who freely gave it from above.

3 We will not weep, for Jesus said,
"Let little children to me come;"
But pray that our young hearts be led
To seek our everlasting home.

760. C. M. Boston S. S. H. Book.

The Same.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side:
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.

2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

3 May each attend with willing feet
The means of knowledge here;
And wait around thy mercy seat,
With hope as well as fear.

4 Lord, to thy wisdom and thy care
May we resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

761. 8s. & 7s. M. R. C. Waterston.

On the Death of a Female Scholar.

1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant's voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear school-mate now is dead.

2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

4 God, our Father, watch above us,
Keep us all from danger free;
Do thou guard, and guide, and love us,
Till like her we go to thee.

762. C. M. Anonymous.

A Child's Prayer.

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And, O, accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And, when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

763. L. M. S. S. H. Book.

God — Our Father.

1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

2 Art thou my Father? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? — I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

PHILANTHROPIC SUBJECTS.

764. 7s. M. J. Taylor.

Acceptable Offering.

1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:

Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:—
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

765. C. M. WATTS.

Kindness to the Poor.

1 How blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

766. C. M. H. MARTINEAU.

All Men are equal.

1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

767. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

Charity.

1 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant the rose.

2 Go where the friendless stranger lies;
To perish is his doom:
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

3 Thus what our Heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

768. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

"Ye are the Salt of the Earth."

1 SALT of the earth! ye virtuous few
Who season human kind;
Light of the world! whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind.

2 Where misery spreads her deepest shade
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips the balm proceeds
That softens human woes.

3 Yours is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains to you are dear,
To you 't is sweet to bleed.

4 Proceed! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure;
You come commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.

769. L. M. WATTS.

All Things vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

770. C. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Sower and the Seed.

1 ALL hail! ye servants of the Lord!
On mercy's mission bound;
Who, like the sower of the word,
Strew precious gifts around.

2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown,
Where tares and brambles thrive,
Still One is able, One alone,
To save its germ alive.

3 Ye fear, what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil;
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.

4 The seed that by the way-side fell,
Perchance you counted dead;
Yet birds, that sing in heaven, may tell,
They on its sweetness fed.

5 And some a hundred fold shall bear,
To glorify the Lord;
How blessed, then, will be your care!
How glorious your reward!

771. 8s. & 7s. M. HASTINGS.

The Sower and his Sheaves.

1 He, that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Soon shall see his toil succeed:
Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
Then the cheering sun will shine,
So shall plenteous fruit be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy mind employ;
Though the prospect be most dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy:
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whit'ning,
Harvest-time is surely near.

772. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Active Effort to do Good.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

773. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is Dead.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

774. C. P. M. BLACKLOCK

Christian Beneficence.

1 HAIL, love divine! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share,
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

3 O God, with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

775. C. M. WATTS.

Liberality Rewarded. Ps. 112.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

776. C. M. WATTS.

Love and Charity.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,—
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

777. L. M. E. H. CHAPIN.

Anniversary of a Charitable Association.

1 WHEN long the soul had slept in chains,
And man to man was stern and cold;
When love and worship were but strains
That swept the gifted chords of old—
By shady mount and peaceful lake,
A meek and lowly stranger came,
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and feeble blessed his name.

2 No shrine he reared in porch or grove,
No vested priests around him stood—
He went about to teach, and prove
The lofty work of doing good.
Said he, to those who with him trod,
"Would ye be my disciples? Then
Evince your ardent love for God
By the kind deeds ye do for men."

3 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain;
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool;
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head,
And on the loved ones' lowly rest,
The light of better life he shed.

4 Father, the spirit Jesus knew,
We humbly ask of thee to-night,
That we may be disciples too
Of him whose way was love and light.

Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Till we shall come where tears are shed
And broken sighs are heard no more.

778. C. M. W. CROSWELL.

Imitation of Christ's Kindness.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's said weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

779. C. M. PEABODY.

For a Charitable Occasion.

1 WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou, and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

780. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The Blessedness of considering the Poor. Ps. 41: 1—3.

1 BLEST who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear!
In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the troubled day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

781. L. M. J. G. ADAMS.

For a Charitable Meeting.

1 GOD of the poor! whose listening ear
Is sought by want's imploring cry,—
Whose bounty and whose grace are near,
Thy needy children to supply:—

2 To whom with more acceptance rise
The words of mercy's voice divine,
Than pompous rites, or sacrifice
Of flocks and herds, of oil and wine.

3 Where'er the poor our aid demand,
Teach us with ready steps to move;
Give us the zealous heart and hand
To do the work of Christian love;—

4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The fainting heart with joy to bless;
To bid the solitary live—
The widow and the fatherless.

5 Thus will we thank thee that thy grace
Inclined our feet in paths to go
Where shines that brightness of thy face,
Which the obedient only know.

782. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Care of Widows and Orphans.

1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O, may we always thus be poor.

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

4 Thou God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

783. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

For a Charitable Occasion.

1 HELP us, O Lord! thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.

2 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall heap.

3 Teach us, with glad and cheerful hearts,
As thou hast blessed our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live:
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

784. 7s. & 6s. M. J. G. ADAMS.

The Same.

1 How blest, amid all blessing
This changing world bestows,
That soul in truth possessing
Pity for others' woes;
Ready to move and lighten
The load affliction bears —
Want's face with joy to brighten,
In deed, as with its prayers.

2 Thus Christ, the Friend and Servant
Of man, depressed and poor —
With ready soul and fervent —
With patience to endure —
Lived, labored without measure
In mercy's holy name,
God's will his highest pleasure,
Our good his only fame.

3 And those who in his spirit
Would seek to live and move,
His virtue must inherit,
And labor in his love;
Labor where poor, forsaken,
And lowly, sufferers lie;
In faith and hope unshaken;
Celestial ministry!

4 God of all times and stations!
Teach us this lesson true, —
Proclaim it to all nations
In life and power anew, —
That high above all praises —
All prayers — is that unfeigned,
Glad offering Mercy raises,
By living deeds sustained!

785. C. M. BODEN

Kindness to the Afflicted.

1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

2 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We 'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.

3 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

4 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

786. L. M. MISS WOODMAN.

Prayer for a Beneficent Spirit.

1 GOD guard the poor! We may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.

2 Make us thy messengers to shed
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.

3 Let us go forth with joyful hand
To strengthen, comfort and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

787. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

For a Public Hospital or Asylum.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

3 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

4 Here the whole family of woe
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;
The blasted form and shipwrecked mind
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

5 And Thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favored mansion deign to bless;
The cause is thine—send thou success!

788. L. M. MRS. NICHOLS.

Anniversary of an Orphan Asylum.

1 OUR Father! we may lisp that name,
When lowly at thy feet we bow;
Thy little children lightly blame,
For thou 'rt our only parent now!

2 We are a stricken, humble band,
With hearts that thrill to words of love,
And cling confiding to the hand
That points us to a home above.

3 Though 'mong the lowly of the earth,
Contented with our homely fare,
How cheerful was the orphan's hearth
Before cold Death had entered there!

4 No mother's voice soothes us to rest—
No father's smile our vision greets:
Yet we 've a home in every breast
That with a tender feeling beats.

5 And thou hast raised us many a friend,
Not bound by ties of kindred blood;
Then let our hearts in prayer ascend
To thee, our Father—Saviour—God!

789. L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

1 WE praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned, shuddering, from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

790. S. M. M. W. HALE.

The Same.

1 PRAISE for the glorious light,
Which crowns this joyous day;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay!

2 Praise for the mighty band,
Redeemed from error's chain,
Whose echoing voices, through our land,
Join our triumphant strain!

3 Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.

4 But the strong might of love,
And truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.

5 Lord! upward to thy throne
Th' imploring voice we raise;
The might, the strength, are thine alone!
Thine be our loftiest praise.

791. L. M. ANONYMOUS

Temperance Hymn.

1 GOD of our fathers, 't is thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.

2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream:
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'T was thy own light, whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.

3 Almighty Parent, still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine;
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

4 The work of man's destruction stay;
The tide of fire still backward press;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.

792. 7s. M. P. H. SWEETSER.

The Same.

1 HARK! the voice of choral song
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays,—
"Man redeemed — to God the praise!"

2 Angels, strike the golden lyre!
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire!
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save!

3 Save from sin's destructive breath,
Save from sorrow, shame and death—
From intemperance and strife,
Save the husband, children, wife!

4 Courage! let no heart despair—
Mighty is the truth we bear!
Forward then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above!

793. L. M. SARGENT.

The Same.

1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys.
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound:
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

794. 8s. & 7s. M. PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn for Family Worship.

1 PILLOWS, wet with tears of anguish,
Couches, pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know!

2 For, the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But, our draft shall be, forever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

3 This shall give us strength to labor,
This, make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

4 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

795. L. M. LOGAN.

God's Blessing Implored on the Temperance Cause.

1 FOR all who love thee and thy cause,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
Who fear thy name, obey thy laws,
From this to earth's remotest shore.

2 O grant, that, freed from low desire,
And filled with joy, and love, and fear,
Each breast may glow with holy fire,
While seeking heaven, to serve thee here.

3 Pity, O God, the heedless wretch,
Who staggers to a dreadful grave;
Thy arm of love around him stretch,
And show that thou art strong to save.

4 Breathe upon those who scorn our cause;
Thy cause, O Lord, for thou hast blest;
Show them he honors most thy laws
Who loves his God and neighbor best.

796. L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Upas Tree.

1 THERE sprang a tree of deadly name:
Its poisonous breath, its baleful dew
Scorched the green earth like lava-flame,
And every plant of mercy slew.

2 From clime to clime its branches spread
Their fearful fruits of sin and woe;
The prince of darkness loved its shade,
And toiled its fiery seeds to sow.

3 Faith poured her prayer at midnight hour;
The hand of zeal at noon-day wrought;
An armor of celestial power
The children of the cross besought.

4 Behold the axe its pride doth wound;
Through its cleft boughs the sun doth shine;
Its blasted blossoms strew the ground:
Give glory to the arm divine.

5 And still Jehovah's aid implore,
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,
From peopled earth's remotest shore,
To root that deadly Upas Tree.

797. 7s. & 6s. M. J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a Temperance Hall.

1 'MID homes and shrines forsaken
Of joy and peace divine,
Faint hearts new strength have taken,
A light is seen to shine!

Its beaming revelations
Are shed in mercy far;
A guide to all the nations—
The glorious Temperance star!

2 Hushed be that wail of sadness,
Life, life has come again;
Awake the song of gladness,
Swell high the choral strain!
The lost returns from straying
In sin's destructive way;
That curse is turned to praying,
That night to blissful day!

3 God of this day! Our Father!
In humble praise to thee,
Within these walls we gather—
The spared, the blest, the free;
To hail thy grace far-sounding—
Our Temple dedicate
To hope and life abounding
In Man regenerate!

4 Rest thou within it ever,
As o'er the ark of old;
And here, O may we never
In our great strife wax cold.
Nerve every arm and spirit
For each successful blow,
Till Temperance shall inherit
All temples here below!

798. 6s. & 4s. M. PIERPONT.

Prayer for the Abolition of Slavery.

1 WITH thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God! the stains
From Afric's shore;

And while her palm trees bud,
Let not her children's blood,
With her broad Niger's flood,
Be mingled more.

2 Quench, righteous God! the thirst,
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold;
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

3 Hear'st thou, O God! those chains,
That clank on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought?
Those who these chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

4 Lord! wilt thou not, at last,
From thine own image cast
Away all cords,
Save those of love, which brings
Man, from his long wand'rings,
Back—to the King of kings,—
The Lord of lords?

799. L. M. MRS. CHAPMAN.

For Faithfulness in the Cause of Human Freedom.

1 O GOD of freedom! hear us pray
For steadfast hearts to toil as one;
Till thy pure law hath boundless sway—
Thy will in heaven and earth be done.

2 A piercing voice of grief and wrong
Goes upward from the groaning earth;
Most true and holy Lord! how long?—
In majesty and might come forth.

3 Yet, Lord! remembering mercy too,
Behold th' oppressor in his sin;
Make all his actions just and true,
Renew his wayward heart within.

800. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for Zeal and Love.

1 O LORD! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave!

2 Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
Deliv'rance to the captives give;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

3 Oh! kindle in our hearts a flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do;
And bid each one, who loves thy name,
Love all his bleeding brethren too.

4 Through all thy temples, let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee;
And, hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children, worship thee.

801. 8s. & 7s. M. MRS. LIVERMORE.

Prayer for the Slave.

1 FATHER, who of old descended
From thy throne above the sky,
And thine Israel's rights defended,
Hear the bondman's anguished cry!

2 Hear how Ethiopia crieth,
Kneeling on the blood-stained sod;
And how sable Afric' sigheth,
Lifting up her hands to God!

3 From the grasp of strong oppression,
From the tyrant's rusting chain,
And from slavery's deep depression,
With its life-long hours of pain;

4 From our country's wide savannas,
Let the cry come up to thee,
Let the prayers become hosannas—
Father, set thy children free!

802. 7s. M. MRS. FOLLEN.

That God would hear the Cries of the Slave.

1 LORD! deliver; thou canst save;
Save from evil, Mighty God!
Hear—oh! hear the kneeling slave,
Break—oh! break th' oppressor's rod.

2 May the captive's pleading fill
All the earth, and all the sky;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads with God on high.

3 He, whose ear is everywhere,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
Will regard the captive's prayer,
Will from bondage set him free.

4 From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord! we pray;
Chains of iron, chains of sin,
Cast forever, cast away.

5 Love to man, and love to God,
Are the weapons of our war;
These can break the oppressor's rod—
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

803. L. M. J. G. Whittier.

For a Liberty Meeting on the Fourth of July.

1 O Thou! whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most Holy Father! unto thee,
May not our humble prayer be given,—

3 For those to whom this day can bring,
Not, as to us, the joyful thrill;—
For those, who, under freedom's wing,
Are bound in slavery's fetters still:—

4 And grant, O Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear.

5 When smitten, as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

804. L. M. Miss Weston.

"'T is good to be merciful."

1 'T is good to weep and mourn for those,
Crushed down by Slavery's iron hand,
And feel, while numbering o'er their woes,
Strength for the just and true to stand.

2 'T is good and true to say to those,
Who claim a right in human kind,
"Mercy and Justice are your foes,
And they shall certain triumph find."

3 'T is good — 't is blessed, to say to all,
" Arise, to help the wretched slave,
Upon your God for courage call,
And in his strength go forth and save."

4 Lord! this is what we seek to do;
Grant us thy grace to do it well;
Help us thy glory to pursue,
And of thy promises to tell.

805. P. M. H. WARE, JR.

The Progress of Freedom.

1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Bid high thy sacred banner swell!
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's redeeming power.

806. 6s. & 10s. M. { MILTON, GARDNER, AND DWIGHT.

Peace.

1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the earth around,—
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 No conqueror's sword he bore,
Nor warlike armor wore,
Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild;
In peace and love he came,
And gentle was the reign,
Which o'er the earth he spread by influence mild.

3 Unwilling kings obeyed,
And sheathed the battle blade,
And called their bloody legions from the field;
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4 The peaceful conqueror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above;
Behold the vanquished sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

807. 6s. & 4s. M. E. DAVIS.

For an Anniversary Meeting of the Friends of Peace.

1 NOT with the flashing steel—
Not with the cannon's peal,
Or stir of drum,

But in the bonds of love;
Our white flag floats above,
Her emblem is the dove,
'T is thus we come.

2 The laws of Christian light,
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield;
Christ is our leader high,
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessèd sky,
Our battle field.

3 On, then, in God's great name,
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear:
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, "Doubt not,"
Be every fear forgot,
Christ leads us here.

4 So shall Earth's distant lands
In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
And joyful offerings bring,
And Heaven's Eternal King
Pronounce it *good*.

808. C. M. GIBBONS.

Prayer for Universal Peace.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it run,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait;—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold!

809. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel of Peace.

1 Joy to the earth! the Prince of Peace
His banner has unfurled;
Let strife, and sin, and error cease,
And joy pervade the world!

2 Praise ye the Lord! for truth and grace
His word and life display;
Let every soul his love embrace,
And own its gentle sway.

3 Peace on the earth, good will to men,
Embraced the Gospel plan;
Let that sweet strain be heard again,
Which angel-tones began.

4 Joy to the isles and lands afar,
Messiah reigns above;
Let every eye behold the star,
The star of light and love.

810. C. M. MRS. LIVERMORE.

Peace.

1 No warlike sounds awoke the night,
Announcing Jesus' birth,
But angels borne on wings of light,
Who chanted "Peace to earth!"

2 Not in the warrior's armor mailed
Was Christ the Saviour found;
Not striving, when by wrath assailed,
Not with the laurel crowned.

3 But meek and lowly was his life,
The gentle Prince of Peace,
Whose law condemns the hostile strife,
And bids dissensions cease.

4 Then let the war-cry ne'er be rung
Beneath the smiling sky,
Nor to the clouds the banner flung
That tells of victory.

5 But let the blissful period haste,
When, hushed the cannon's roar,
The sword shall cease mankind to waste,
And war shall be no more.

811. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prospect of Universal Peace.

1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.

3 Nor war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer host, encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They 'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

812. 7s. M. LEWINS MEAD COLL.

The Blessings of Peace.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good will to men.

2 Breezes! whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

3 Ocean's billows! far and wide
Rolling in majestic pride:
Loud still louder, swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

4 Christians! who these blessings feel,
And in adoration kneel;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
Praise to God, good will to men.

813. 7s. & 6s. M. MISS FLETCHER.

Compassion for the Sinning.

1 THINK gently of the erring!
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

Heir of the same inheritance!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to him, brother;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

814. 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
Were that withdrawn, thou, too, wouldst swerve and halt.

2 Send back the wand'rer to the Saviour's fold;
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

3 The Saviour suffers when his children slide;
Then is his holy name by men blasphemed!
And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

4 Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and rejoicing is thy gain!

815. L. M. MRS. LIVERMORE.

Reclaiming Power of Love.

1 JESUS, what precept is like thine,
"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!"
If heeded, O what power divine
Would then transform our earth to heaven.

2 Not by the harsh or scornful word,
Should we our brother seek to gain,
Not by the prison or the sword,
The shackle, or the clanking chain.

3 But from our spirits there must flow
A love that will his wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan
To bring the wanderer back by love;
Thus let us win our brother, man,
And imitate thee, God above!

816. L. M. MISS FLETCHER.

For the Prisoner.

1 FATHER! we pray for those who dwell
Within the prison's gloomy cell!
For those whose souls are bending low
Beneath the weight of guilt and woe!

2 Thy love hath kept our thorny way
And saved us from sin's iron sway;
Our brethren in a weaker hour
Have yielded to temptation's power.

3 Teach us with humble hearts to feel,
How darkly on our brows the seal
Of guilt might now perchance be set,
Had we the same temptation met.

4 Then while the error we would shun,
We still would aid the erring one
To turn from sin's unpitying sway,
To virtue's fair and pleasant way.

817. L. M. MISS EDGARTON.

The Same.

1 OH shut not out sweet Pity's ray
From souls now clouded o'er by sin;
Touch their deep springs, and let the day
Of Christian love flow freely in.

2 Send them kind missions, though their feet
No more again the world may tread;
Some pulse of better life may beat
In hearts that seem unmoved and dead.

3 'T is just that they should bear the pain
Of keen remorse and guilty shame;
But scorn may drive to crime again—
'T is only love that can reclaim.

818. S. M. MISS FLETCHER.

The Same.

1 WE come to thee, O God,
With hushed and solemn strain;
We come to plead for those who lie
Bound with the prisoner's chain.

2 O, give them contrite hearts,
To feel their fearful sin,
And give to us a patient faith
Those erring ones to win.

3 Give us to love thy law,
The paths of vice to shun,
But never harshly dare to spurn
The suffering sinful one.

819. S. M. Miss Martineau, alt.

The Coming of Christ in Power.

1 Lord Jesus, come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid!
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus, come; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain:
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus, come; for chains
Are still upon the slave;
Bind up his wounds, relieve his pains,
The pining bondman save.

4 Hark! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more.

820. C. M. R. Nicoll.

Honor all Men.

1 I may not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl;
The slave who would not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

2 The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.

3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share:
The blackest heart hath sighs to tell
That God still lingers there.

821. C. M. WHITTIER.

The Call of Truth.

1 OH! not alone with outward sign,
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given;
Awakening in the human heart,
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

2 Though heralded by nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well:
The call to truth and love.

822. C. M. LOND. INQUIRER.

Encouragement to Christian Effort.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work and despair not: bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

823. S. M. ENFIELD.

Forgiveness.

1 I HEAR the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's sigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, my eye.

2 I hear the thirsty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.

3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day?

4 And shall not wrath relent,
Touched by that humble strain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
Nor will offend again?"

5 How else, on soaring wing,
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there?

824. 7s. M. MILMAN.

"And he arose and rebuked the winds and sea."

1 LORD! thou didst arise and say,
To the troubled waters, "Peace,"
And the tempest died away,
Down they sank, the foaming seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen!

2 Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud!
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd!
Then the earth shall find repose,
From oppressions, and from woes;
And another heaven appear
On our world of darkness here!

SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

825. L. M. C. WESLEY.

"They that go down to the sea in ships."

1 LORD of the wide extended main!
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose spirit leads believing souls;

2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity!

3 Infinite God! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

4 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

826. L. M. WATTS.

The Seaman's Song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

827. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

"*These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.*"

1 "OH God! thy name they well may praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown.

2 For many a fair majestic sight
Hath met their wandering eyes,
Beneath the streaming northern light,
Or blaze of Indian skies.

3 If glorious be that awful deep,
No human power can bind,
What then art thou, who bid'st it keep
Within its bounds confined!

4 Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea!"

828. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

The Mariner's Hymn.

1 LORD of the sea!—thy potent sway
Old ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frighted clouds,—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!

2 Lord of the sea!—the seaman keep
From all dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear,—
O, in thy mercy be thou near.

3 Lord of the sea!—a sea is life
Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
God grant, that, when we cease to roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

829. 7s. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY

The Same.

1 WHEN the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes us to her trust again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us wheresoe'er we go.

2 When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear us daily on our course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.

3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray,
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

4 When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred, far from home,
Stranger-eyes our conduct view,
Heathen-bands our steps pursue,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those who follow thee.

5 Should pale death, with arrow dread,
Make the ocean-cave our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
God! who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save the sailor's soul.

830. C. M. MADAN'S COLL.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

1 OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tossed,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost,—

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,—
Our Father and our King.

831. 8s. M. H. F. GOULD.

Hymn at Sea.

1 O THOU who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
'Twixt heavens and ocean shall rise
Our incense of praises to thee.

2 We know that thy presence is near
While heaves our bark far from the land;—
We ride o'er the deep without fear;—
The waters are held in thy hand.

3 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep!
There 's Deity circling us round,—
Omnipotence walks o'er the deep!

4 O Father, our eye is to thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

832. L. M. COWPER.

Temptation compared to a Storm.

1 THE billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves: say, "Peace! be still."

833. L. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at Sea.

1 PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea;—

4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5 Naught, naught appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

834. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Sailor's Grave.

1 NOT in the church-yard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom,—
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.

2 He loved his own bright, deep blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.

4 For him, break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

835. C. M. SELECT HYMNS.

Prayer for Seamen.

1 WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

836. 6s. & 4s. M. S. F. Smith.

National Hymn.

1 My country 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe, partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

837. C. M. WREFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion pure and mild
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

838. L. M. 61. H. Ware, Jr.

The God of our Fathers.

1 Like Israel's hosts to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

2 Then, where their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple Heaven, and Christ her head.

3 Then let the grateful church, to-day
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O, bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

839. C. M. Watts.

"*Thou shalt teach them to thy children.*"

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old:
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known—
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
To every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

840. L. M. FLINT.

"We have a goodly heritage."

1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

3 The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.

4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own
While here their name and race shall last.

841. L. M. PRESBYTERIAN COLL.

God Acknowledged in National Blessings.

1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

3 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

842. L. M. ROSCOE.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

1 GREAT GOD! beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own;
But, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
Their tribute of exulting praise.

4 Our God, our Guardian, and our Friend!
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages may thy kindness last.

843. C. M. C. Sprague.

The Pilgrims.

1 Our fathers, Lord, to seek a spot
Where they might kneel to thee,
Their own fair heritage forgot,
And braved an unknown sea.

2 Here found their pilgrim souls repose
Where long the heathen roved;
And here their humble anthems rose
To bless the Power they loved.

3 They sleep in dust,—but where they trod,
A feeble, fainting band,
Glad millions catch the strain, O God,
And sound it through the land.

844. 8s. & 7s. M. Pierpont.

Anniversary Hymn.

1 God of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.

2 Light and peace do thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung,
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no clouds be o'er it hung.

3 May the song this people raises,
And its vows to thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises,
That thou hearest from the blest.

4 When the lips are cold that sing thee,
And the hearts that love thee dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

845. C. M. ASPLAND'S COLL.

The Virtuous Love of Country.

1 PARENT of all, omnipotent!
In heaven and earth below!
Through all creation's vast extent
Whose streams of goodness flow:

2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what designed;
No private aims may I propose,
That injure human kind.

3 To hear my country's lawful voice
May my best thoughts incline;
'T is reason's law, 't is virtue's choice,
'T is nature's call, and thine.

4 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
May nothing e'er divide;
Nor grandeur, gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false, misguide.

5 To duty, honor, virtue true,
In all my country's weal,
Let me my public walk pursue:
So, God, thy favor deal.

846. 6s. & 4s. M. S. F. SMITH.

Anniversary Hymn.

1 AUSPICIOUS morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

3 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

847. 6s. & 4s. M. **J. G. Adams.**

The Same.

1 Loud raise the notes of joy;
Freemen, your songs employ,
As well ye may;—
Let your full hearts go out
In the exulting shout,
And with your praise devout,
Greet this glad day!

2 Children of lisping tongue,
Those whose full hearts are young,
Lift up the song!
Manhood and hoary age,
Let naught your joy assuage,
In the high theme engage,
Praises prolong!

3 God of our fathers' land!
Long may our temples stand
Sacred to thee!

Let thy bright light divine
On all the people shine,
Make us forever thine,
From sin set free!

848. L. P. M. KIPPIS.

National Praise and Prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, O, may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

849. 6s. & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for our Country.

1 GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh;—
God save the state.

850. 7s. & 6s. M. CHRISTIAN BALLADS.

Our Country.

Now pray we for our country,
Pray that it long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blesséd!
So peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her villages,
Her cottages and halls.

THE SEASONS, ANNUAL OCCASIONS, ETC.

851. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

1 GREAT GOD! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons revolving round
In beauteous order speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

852. L. M. ENFIELD'S SEL.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 GREAT GOD! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 O, how delightful 't is to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed!
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy bright perfections shine confessed!

4 Indulgent God! from every part,
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see, — we taste; — let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

853. C. M. WATTS.

Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady councils change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

854. H. M. J. Taylor

Providence acknowledged in the Seasons.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn;
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

855. 7s. M. BARBAULD

The Seasons.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,—
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores,—

3 These to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise,
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

856. L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer suns with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

857. L. M. WATTS.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons. Ps. 65.

1 At God's command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

858. C. M. FERGUS.

The Promises of the Year.

1 The year begins with promises
Of joyful days to come,
Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer,
Of thoughts on heaven, our home:

2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds,
Soft dews and healthful showers,
And streamlets gushing from the hills,
And birds and opening flowers:

3 Of summer, with its warbling choir
Amid the balmy leaves;
Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs
And fruits and bending sheaves:

4 Of countless mercies from our God,
Who rules the changeful years,
Both here and in the world of love,
Beyond the heavenly spheres.

859. S. M. WATTS.

Blessings of Spring.

1 Good is the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 Like rivers raised on high,
The clouds, at thy command,
Pour out their blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers:
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

4 The ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

860. C. M.

Spring.

1 When verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'T is nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

861. C. M. Peabody.

Spring.

1 When brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

862. L. M. FERGUS.

Spring-Time.

1 THE spring, the joyous spring is come
With lovely flowers of early bloom;
The warbling birds, on every tree,
Fill all the air with melody.

2 Once more, unsealed, the fountains run,
Sparkling, beneath a brighter sun;
Green leaves and tender herbs arise,
Cheered by the glow of warmer skies.

3 Oh Lord, the changes of the year
At thy Almighty word appear;
And all the seasons, as they roll,
Declare thy name from pole to pole.

4 Spring showers, descending from above,
Bear down glad tidings of thy love,
And every blossom on the tree
Bespeaks our gratitude to thee.

863. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Summer.

1 GREAT God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.

4 But greater still the gift
Of thy belovéd Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

864. C. M. T. RICHARDSON.

"The Hymn of Summer."

1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in the bowers!

2 The moon sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always, since creation's dawn,
The stars together sing.

3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,

4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

865. 7s. & 6s. M. BRIT. MAGAZINE.

Autumn.

1 THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away:"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky:
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

866. C. M. WATTS.

Winter.

1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

2 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail,
The man that does his power defy
Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

867. H. M. FREEMAN.

The Same.

1 LORD of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
The rolling years | In all we see
Are full of thee; | A God appears.

2 In winter, awful thou!
With storms around thee cast;
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower, | We homage bring,
To thee, dread King, | And own thy power.

868. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Acceptable Fast.

1 THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose;
Each heavy burden to undo,
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And bid the captive freely go.

2 Let every vile and sinful yoke
Of servile bondage and of fear,
By mercy, love and truth be broke;
And from each eye wipe every tear.

3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread;
Bring to thine house the outcast poor;
There let the fainting soul be fed,
Nor spurn the needy from thy door.

4 And when thou seest the naked, spare
The raiment that his wants demand;
Since all mankind thy kindred are,
To all thy charity expand.

5 Thus did the Saviour of our race:
Himself, the Bread of Life, he gave;
He clothed us with his righteousness,
And broke the fetters from the slave.

869. C. M. S. STREETER.

Humiliation and Prayer.

1 HERE in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
And bow before thy throne;
Abased and guilty, at thy feet
We seek thy grace alone.

2 Our sins rise up in dread array,
And fill our hearts with fear;
Our trembling spirits melt away,
But find no helper near.

3 O, send thy pity from on high
With pardon all-divine;
Bring now thy gracious spirit nigh,
And make us wholly thine.

4 We humbly mourn our follies past,
Each guilty path deplore;
Resolved, while feeble life shall last,
To tread those paths no more.

870. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 Now let our prayers ascend to thee,
Thou great and holy One;
Above the world raise thou our hearts;
In us, thy will be done.

2 O, let us feel how frail we are,
How much we need thy grace;
O, strengthen, Lord, our fainting souls,
While here we seek thy face.

3 Our sins, alas! before thee rise;
Thou knowest all our guilt;
Let not our faith, our hope, our trust,
On earthly things be built.

4 Forgive our sins, thy spirit grant,
Let love our souls refine,
And heavenly peace and holy hope
Assure that we are thine.

871. S. M. DRUMMOND.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen?"

1 "Is this a fast for me?"—
Thus saith the Lord our God;—
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?—

2 "Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread?

3 "Shall day like this have power
To stay th' avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land?

4 "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—
Oppression's yoke be burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?—

5 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

6 "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!"

872. L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,—
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

873. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL

Public Supplication.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued,—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land:
Forsake us not, O God.

874. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL

Judgments for National Sins Deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY LORD, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

875. L. M. AIKIN.

In time of War.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strow the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race,—

3 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

876. 6s. & 4s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

877. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Same.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

878. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 GREAT GOD! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat;
"Thou givest us the finest wheat;"
"The joy of harvest" we have known;
The praise, O Lord! is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

879. L. M. BRETTELL.

Harvest Home.

1 THE last full wain has come,—has come!
And brought the golden harvest home:
The labors of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One!

2 For the green spring, her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet autumn decks her brows;

3 For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day;
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labors of the night;

4 For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;

5 For the soft herbage of the soil,
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For all the good the year displays,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

880. 8s. & 7s. M. CROSSE.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

881. 7s. M. SACRED LYRICS.

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the Heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

882. 7s. M. Ev. Magazine.

"Thou crownest the year with goodness."

1 Praise on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
Unto thee, O God! belong
Grateful words and holy song.

2 Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart,
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean-waste, and lone.

3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.

4 Thus the clouds thy power confess,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness:
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

883. L. M. Presbyterian Coll.

Goodness of God Celebrated.

1 Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

884. L. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Harvest.

1 God of the year! with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

2 In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.

4 Praise,—praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

885. L. P. M. Kippis.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
This land through every age shall own,
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

4 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O, still may God amidst us reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

886. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

New Year's Day.

1 GREAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

887. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections for a New Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

888. 7s. M. NEWTON

New Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

889. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Same.

1 My Helper, God, I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close, the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this mortal land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

890. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

New Year. Providential Goodness.

1 God of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

891. L. M. JOHN FAWCETT.

"He holdeth our soul in life."

1 O GOD, my helper, ever near!
Crown with thy smile the present year;
Preserve me by thy favor still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.

2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on thy supporting power:
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guard, while life shall last.

3 My moments move with wingéd haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year perhaps may die.

4 Prepare me for the trying day;
Then call my willing soul away:
I 'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.

892. C. M. NEWTON.

New Year. Prayer for a Blessing.

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

893. C. M. BP. MIDDLETON.

Self-Examination. New Year.

1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer.
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee!

894. 7s. M. NEWTON.

Invocation. New Year.

1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here:
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

895. C. M. BROWNE.

The Closing Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past:
I cannot long continue here;
And this may be my last.

2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain!

3 Awake, my soul! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes—how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

896. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.

2 Thus another year is flown;
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.

3 But may none of us forget
It has left us much in debt;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account!

4 Favors, from the Lord received,
Sins, that have his spirit grieved,
Marked by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.

5 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

897. C. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 TIME! what an empty vapor 't is!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, they 're here;
But only say, they 're past.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'T is sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
Which leads our souls above.

898. L. M. WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortal. Ps. 90.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode!
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

899. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Closing Year.

1 GOD of our life! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year:
These lives so frail thy love prolongs;
Be this the burden of our songs.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run!

3 We yet survive, but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
We shall retain this vital breath,
Secure from all the shafts of death?

4 We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the worlds unknown;
To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them all as thine.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

900. C. M.

The Same.

1 Mark how the swift-winged minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on!
How swift the circling months run round!
How soon the year is gone!

2 How is our debt of love increased
To that sustaining Power,
Who hath upheld our feeble frame,
And blest each rolling hour.

3 For all thy favors, O our God,
Thy goodness we adore;
Thou hast our cup with blessings filled,
And made that cup run o'er.

4 What shall befall in future life,
We would not, Lord, inquire:
To be prepared for all thy will,
Be this our chief desire.

901. 8s. & 7s. M. Estlin.

Reliance for the Future.

1 Gracious Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
May we still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way;
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

902. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

The Joy of Social Worship.

1 How good and pleasant is the sight,
How great the bliss they share,
When Christ's assembled flock unite
In acts of social prayer!
God thither, with paternal care,
His face benignant bends;
And Jesus, by his spirit there,
On faithful hearts descends.

2 To such, by hallowed lips expressed,
His grace confirms his word,
As once Cornelius' house it blest,
From holy Peter heard:
On prayer and praise, in faith preferred,
His heavenly dew is shed;
And he to all, who come prepared,
Dispenses heavenly bread.

3 To God, adored in ages past,
Enthroned in majesty,—
To God, whose worship aye shall last
Throughout eternity,—
To thee, Great God, we bend the knee,
And in the Holy Ghost,
Through Christ, all glory give to thee,
With all thy heavenly host.

903. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

The Joy of Social Devotion.

1 O, IT is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'T is joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

3 But chief, 't is joy to think that He,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

904. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

For a Prayer Meeting.

1 FATHER, hear us when we pray,
Look in mercy from above;
Turn not, Lord, thy face away,
Hear, and grant thy pardoning love.

2 In the name of Christ we come,
Asking grace and seeking peace,
Raise our hearts to heaven, our home,
And from worldly cares release.

3 Pure and holy may we be,
Far removed all vain desire;
From all hate and envy free,
Let our souls to thee aspire.

4 While we love the Saviour's name,
And his words with zeal obey,
His sweet promise we may claim;—
"He will meet us when we pray."

905. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

Call to Social Worship.

1 LET us join, as God commands,
Let us join our hearts and hands,
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Help to build each other up;
Carry on the Christian's strife;
Walk in holiness of life;
Faithfully our gifts improve
For the sake of him we love;—

2 Still forget the things behind;
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
Toward the mark unwearied press;
Seize the crown of righteousness,
While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts will still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove—
Fellowship in Jesus, love.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee th' unholy cannot see:
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

906. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Call to Social Worship.

1 O, COME, and let th' assembly all
To serve our God unite,
And, mindful of the social call,
Partake the social rite.

2 In token of the common vow,
Be ours, with one consent,
The worship of the lowly brow,
And knees devoutly bent!

3 But chief, inflamed with heavenly fire,
Devotion's better part,
Be ours instinct with one desire,
The worship of the heart!

4 Let each, let all, their prayers above,
In one oblation bend,
And God, the God of peace and love,
On all, on each descend!

907. C. M. METHODIST COLL.

Call to Worship.

1 FATHER, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear his easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into one name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.

908. 7s. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

For Brotherly Love.

1 GOD of love, we look to thee;
Let us in thy Son agree;
Show to us the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

909. L. M. NEWTON.

Meeting of Christian Friends.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered, for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

910. L. M. COWPER.

For Social Worship.

1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

911. L. M. ANCIENT HYMNS

Commendatory of Christian Union.

1 BLEST with unearthly bliss were they
Who saw the church's infant day,
And strove their Christian part to bear,
By sign and spirit joined with her.

2 The truth, which Christ's apostles taught,
Then ruled each faithful convert's thought;
Each aimed in unity to keep
Unrent th' apostles' fellowship.

3 The bread, with rites harmonious broke,
The union of all hearts bespoke;
And prayer, with lips united prayed,
The union of all minds displayed.

4 O thus that Christians still would live,
And thus delightful witness give,
How well the debt of love they know,
To Christ and to his church they owe!

912. 6s. & 8s. M. METHODIST COLL.

For Union.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove
And rise renewed in perfect love?

913. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

For Union of Heart.

1 GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy loving children are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

2 Closer knit us to our Head;
Nourish us, in Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered our distinctions void!
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O God, art all in all!

914. C. M. MILTON.

The Blessedness of the Devout.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free;
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee.

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from him shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

915. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

For Mutual Edification.

1 HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear!
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

916. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

Invocation.

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

917. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Love of the Brethren.

1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
A savor from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love nor thee nor thine.

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to our Lord.

918. C. M. WATTS.

Christian Union.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

919. S. M. SACRED LYRICS.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

920. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Social Evening Worship.

1 O, 'T IS a scene the heart to move,
When, at the close of day,
Whom God unites in Christian love
Unite their thanks to pay.

2 What though the number be but small;
Whenever two or three
Join on the Saviour's name to call,
There in the midst is he.

3 When faithful and repentant hearts
His heavenly grace ensue,
His grace, intreated, he imparts
To many or to few.

4 O, come, then, and, with joint accord,
In social worship meet;
And, mindful of the Saviour's word,
The Saviour's boon intreat.

921. 7s. M. NEWTON.

Parting Hymn.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

922. C. M. METHODIST COLL.

The Same.

1 THROUGH thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O, Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

3 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

4 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

923. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell.

1 THY presence, everlasting God!
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When sep'rate, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy belovéd house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

921. 8s. & 7s. M. C. Wesley.

Domestic Worship.

1 Peace be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts forever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

925. L. M. Doddridge & Merrick

The Same. Ps. 128.

1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.

3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;
And children of the rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

4 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

926. L. M. SCOTT

Family Religion.

1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house,
An altar to his name I 'll raise;
There, morn and evening, shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.

2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

3 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till, ripened for a happier state,
We meet the family above.

927. L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COLL.

Religion at Home.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit
Thy book be my companion still;

My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Mingled with all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O, may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, trusting in my gracious Lord,
I sink in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

4 Rising to sing my Father's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

928. S. M. WATTS.

Family Affection from Religious Principles.

1 How pleasing, Lord! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite!

2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

4 'T is the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

929. C. M. TAYLOR'S COLL.

The Family Altar.

1 GREAT GOD! where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise,
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

930. C. M. BARRY CORNWALL.

For a Sick Child.

1 SEND down thy wingéd angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

2 It lies upon its pillow, pale,
And moans within its sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep!

3 How gentle and how good a child
It is, we know too well;
And dearer to its parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

4 We love,—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, where need may be;
We hope,—and have despaired at times;
But now we turn to thee!

5 Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

931. C. M. HEBER.

In Times of Domestic Distress.

1 O GOD, that madest earth and sky!
The darkness and the day!
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore!

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too.

932. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast,
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest mine abode
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

933. C. M. H. K. White

A Family Evening Prayer.

1 O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours!
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

934. L. M. S. S. CUTTING

Family Hymn. Evening.

1 FATHER, we bless the gentle care
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way: —
We bless thee for the tender love,
That mingles all our hearts in one, —
The music of the soul; — above
'T is purer spirits' unison.

2 Father, 't is evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on thee;
Darkly the storm may round us lower, —
Peace is within, — Christ makes us free, —
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke, — we sing no more, —
O, may we meet and sing on high.

935. L. M. KEBLE.

Morning Hymn.

1 OH! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleams of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

936. L. M. BISHOP KENN.

Morning Resolutions.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

937. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Acknowledging God's Hand. Morning.

1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky;

2 'T is thine, my God,—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.

3 'T is thine, my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

938. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Morning Hymn.

1 Now, the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

939. L. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

940. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Same.

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spend the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I close my eyes
And undisturbed repose.

4 When sleep death's semblance o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

941. L. M. WATTS.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

942. 8s. & 7s. M. EDMESTON.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 Father, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

943. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Morning or Evening. — All from God.

1 FATHER! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene,
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest — all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied — righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

944. 7s. & 6s. M. SACRED SONGS

Reflections at Sunset.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

945. L. M. WATTS.

Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head:
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

5 And when the night of death shall come,
Still may I trust almighty love,—
The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
And leads to perfect bliss above.

946. L. M. KENN.

Trusting God. Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

947. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

1 INDULGENT GOD, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length, to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

948. L. M. KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

949. 7s. M. DODDRIDGE.

Evening Hymn.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father, gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot!

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good;
Thy kind eye which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

5 Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee;
Guarded thus I sink to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

950. S. M. CURTIS' COLL.

Flight of Time.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

951. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears!

952. 8s. & 7s. M. (PECULIAR.) KELLY.

An Evening Offering.

1 THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Father, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

3 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms let us repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

953. 7s. M. MISSIONARY MAG.

Evening Hymn.

1 LORD of glory! King of power!
In this lone and silent hour,
While the shades of darkness rise,
And the eve is on the skies,
By thy blessing, as the dews,
Which yon shaded skies diffuse,
Bid our feverish passions cease;
Calm us with thy promised peace.

2 Wheresoe'er the brow of pain
Seeks oblivion's balm in vain,
Or the form of watchful grief
Knows not of the night's relief,
There thy pity, softening power,
There the spirit's calm restore;
Till each tongue, from murmuring free,
Wakes the hymn of praise to thee.

954. P. M. BP. HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,—
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,—
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

955. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn. Ps. 141: 2.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I will commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within:
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

956. L. M. KENN.

Midnight.

1 MY GOD, I now from sleep awake;
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 Blest Jesus, thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart:
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

957. S. M. CONDER.

Saturday Evening.

1 THE hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

958. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

The Same

1 SWEET to the soul the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest.

2 Hushed is the tumult of this day,
And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace.
O season blest! O moment given
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heaven.

3 Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
O raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath day.

959. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Sabbath Morning.

1 DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the wingéd hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

5 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

960. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Evening.

1 THERE is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside;
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath of the eventide

2 O then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of Nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus brought
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught,
Improve the life his love redeems.

4 Delightful scene! a world at rest;
A God all love; no grief, no fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

961. L. M. EDWARDS

Sabbath Hymn with Nature.

1 KING of the world! I worship thee:
Lord of the mind! the Sabbath's thine:—
A contrite heart, a bended knee,
To-day shall be my corn, my wine.
A choral song for sacrifice
Will mount as fire, and heavenward own
The green-leaved earth, through joys and sighs,
A satellite round Mercy's throne.

2 The moon comes up to wake the dew,
And hang a star on every leaf;
The sun can take a rainbow hue,
To kiss away the meadow's grief;
The wave will lay its buoyance by,
To let the cloud take anchor there;
Earth, through her flowers, salutes the sky;
The sky meets earth in balmy air.

3 And I was born to see and say
How beauty beams, without, within:
From the fly, made to gild a day,
To my own soul, outliving sin.
Even now I feel thy cherubim
Have come to me from thee, All-wise!—
Then, Silence, thou shalt be my hymn,
And thought, my only sacrifice.

962. C. M. HERBERT.

The Soul's Beauty Unfading.

1 SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade;
Thou, too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

963. L. M. BOWRING

Evening Hymn with Nature.

1 To THEE, my God! to thee I bring
The evening's grateful offering;
From thee, the source of joy above,
Flow everlasting streams of love;
And all the rays of light that shine,
And bless creation, Lord! are thine.

2 The morn, when stepping down the hills—
The noon, which all creation fills
With glory; evening's placid fall,
The twilight and the raven pall
Of midnight; all alike proclaim
Thy great, thine all impressive name.

3 And from the little worm, whose light
Shines palely through the shades of night,
Up to the sparkling stars that run
Their evening rounds—or glorious sun,
Rolling his car to twilight's rest—
All, all in thee is bright and blest.

4 And over all—above, below,
We see thee—ever-present thou!
In every wandering rill that flows,
In every gentle breeze that blows;
In every rising, setting sun,
We trace thee—own thee—holy One!

5 Yes! in the mid-day's fervid beams,
And in the midnight's shadowy dreams,
In action and repose, we see,
We recognize and worship thee;
To thee our worthiest songs would give,
And in thee die, and to thee live.

964. 7s. M. B. Barton.

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

1 Blessed state! and happy he
Who is like that planted tree;
Living waters lave his root,
Bends his bough with golden fruit.

2 When the seedling from its bed
First lifts up its timid head,
Ministry of thine must give
All on which its life can live.

3 Showers from thee must bid it thrive,
Breath of thine must oft revive;
Light from thee its bloom supplies,—
Left by thee it fades and dies.

4 Thine, O Lord! the power and praise
Which a sight like this displays;
Power of thine must plant it there,
Praise of thee it should declare.

965. 11s. M. (Peculiar.) F. Osgood.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

1 Approach not the altar
With gloom in thy soul;
Nor let thy feet falter,
From terror's control!
God loves not the sadness
Of fear and mistrust;
Oh serve him with gladness—
The Gentle, the Just!

2 His bounty is tender,
His being is love,
His smile fills with splendor,
The blue arch above.

Confiding, believing,
Oh! enter always,
"His courts with thanksgiving—
His portals with praise!"

3 Nor come to the temple
With pride in thy mien;
But lowly and simple,
In courage serene.
Bring meekly, before him,
The faith of a child:
Bow down and adore him,
With heart undefiled.

966. L. M. MISS CAREY

Light and Darkness.

1 OUR Father, when beside the tomb
We mourn the unconscious dead below,
Thy angels come amid the gloom,
With solace for our doubt and woe.
And looking through the shades of death
To that bright land where none can die,
How clearly then the eye of faith
Beholds the portals of the sky!

2 And they whose lives serenely even
In pleasure's flowery way have kept,
Have never known the love of heaven,
As they whose souls have mourned and wept!
For stricken by the hand of woe,
The soul must seek a Father's love,
And they who weep can only know
What healing balm is found above!

3 And one repentant hour of tears,
Of sweet communion and of prayer,
Is worth a thousand, thousand years
Where pleasure's thoughtless children are!

And O, if ever man below
Draws nearer to the eternal throne,
'T is when his soul, subdued by woe,
Seeks refuge with its God above!

967. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

"It is I, be not afraid."

1 WHEN Power Divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo it is I!—be not afraid."

968. L. M. BOWRING.

Joy after Sorrow.

1 As, when the deluge-waves were gone,
Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst,
And nature's earliest rainbow shone
On scenes more lovely than the first;

2 Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove,
The promise-branch of olive bore,—
Pledge of returning peace and love
That beamed more brightly than before:—

3 So when affliction's waters glide
From the enfranchised soul away,
More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
The soul emerges into day.

4 And then, as with the olive bough
The heavenly dove of old drew near,
Some gentle words of truth will flow,
In holy music on the ear.

5 O'er all the transient things of time,
The oblivious foot of years hath trod;
But all that 's sacred and sublime
Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

969. 7s. M. BOWRING.

Pious Worship.

1 In thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love;
There we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.

2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent!
Give the weary one repose!

3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!

4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord! may we thy temples know;
Thither for instruction come—
Thence by thee instructed go.

970. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

An Ancient Church.

1 Long be our fathers' temple ours,
Far hence the time in which it falls;
A thousand spirits watch its bowers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls.

2 And be their shield by us possessed;
Lord, rear around the blest abode,
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God.

971. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Widow's Prayer.

1 THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
With poverty and woe,
My widowed feet are doomed to stray
'Mid thorny paths below.

2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
My confidence and guide:
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruiséd reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go,
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray.

5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
Thy staff shall yet avail;
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail

972. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Orphan's Hymn.

1 WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust but thee?
My father's dead — my mother's dead;
My God, remember me!

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain,
But he that secret knows;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

973. 7s. M. BOWRING

"The rich and poor meet together."

1 COME the rich and come the poor,
To the Christian temple door;
Let their mingled prayers ascend
To the universal Friend.

2 Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name;
Claim a common heritage,
In the gospel's promise page.

3 Of the same materials wrought;
By the same instructor taught;
Walking in life's common way;
Tending to the same decay.

4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy seat;
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

974. L. M. BOWRING.

Temptation.

1 OH, what a struggle wakes within,
When in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting, treacherous thoughts of sin,
In all their luring smiles intrude!

2 'T is then, my Father! then I feel
My nature's weakness, and, oppressed,
Like a poor trembling child I steal
To thee, for safety, and for rest.

3 Beneath thy shadow let me live!
Be thou my Friend—my Father be!
I bend in trust—I pray! forgive
The erring child that flies to thee!

975. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Faithful Minister.

1 "LET there be light!"—When from on high,
O God, that first commandment came,
Forth leaped the sun; and earth and sky
Lay in his light, and felt his flame.

2 "Let there be light!"—The light of grace
And truth, a darkling world to bless,
Came with thy word, when on our race
Broke forth the Sun of Righteousness.

3 Light of our souls! how strong it grows:
That sun, how wide his beams he flings,
As up the glorious sky he goes,
With light and healing in his wings!

4 Give us that light! O God, 't is given!
Hope sees it open heaven's wide halls
To those who for the truth have striven;
And Faith walks firmly where it falls.

5 Churches no more, in cold eclipse,
Mourn the withholding of its rays;
It gilds their gates, and on the lips
Of every faithful preacher plays.

976. P. M. MOORE.

Fall of Israel.

1 FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!—
Silence is on all thy plains,—
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,—
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Ethan's barren shore?
That fire from heaven that led thee
Now lights thy path no more!

2 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!
Once she was all thy own!
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne;
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.

3 Then sunk the star of Solyma,
Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod;
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reigned as God.

977. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Remonstrance with the Jews.

1 WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

978. 8s. & 7s. M. COWPER.

The Glory of the Redeemed.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
Ye shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign:
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

979. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS

The Noble Army of Martyrs.

1 THE triumphs of the martyred saints
The joyous lay demand;
The heart delights in song to dwell
On that victorious band—
Those whom the senseless world abhorred,
Who cast the world aside,
Deeming it worthless, for the sake
Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.

2 For him they braved the tyrant's rage,
The scourge's cruel smart;
The wild beast's fang their bodies tore,
But vanquished not the heart;
Like lambs before the sword they fell,
Nor cry nor plaint expressed;
For patience kept the conscious mind,
And armed the fearless breast.

3 What tongue can tell the crown prepared
The martyr's brow to grace?
His shining robe, his joys unknown,
Before thy glorious face?
Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,
Clear skies and seasons calm;
If not, the martyr's cross to bear,
And win the martyr's palm.

980. 6s. M. LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last:
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing name.

981. S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Thanks for all Saints.

1 FOR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And strove in him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

982. 7s. & 6s. M. (Peculiar.) Meth. Coll.

Quiet Religion.

1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent I am now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

983. L. M. 8l. H. Ballou, 2d.

"A Hiding-place from the Wind," &c.

1 When dread misfortune's tempests rise,
And roar through all the darkened skies,
Where shall the anxious pilgrim gain
A shelter from the wind and rain?
Within the covert of thy grace,
O Lord, there is a hiding-place,
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
Though storm and tempest rage around.

2 When, wandering o'er the desert bare
Of burning sands and sultry air,
We've sought the cheerless region through,
But found no stream to meet our view,—
'T is then, the rivers of thy love,
Descending from thy throne above,
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
And raise our fainting souls again.

3 When in a weary land we tire,
And our exhausted powers expire,
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
Where shall our languid spirits rest?
O, who could bear the blasting ray,
And all the burden of the day,
Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
O'ershading all this weary land!

984. C. M. H. Ware

On Opening an Organ.

1 All nature's works his praise declare
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.

Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God—
The thunder and the shower.

2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God, the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftiest sound
Assist his feeble praise.

3 Great God! to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.
Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high;
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

985. C. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Marriage Hymn.

1 Not for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear;—

3 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die;—

4 But for a being without end
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

986. 7s. & 6s. M. HEBER.

The Same.

1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruits and flowers,
The laughing soil was dressed,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest,—

2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good.
Yet in that hour of blessing
A single want was known,—
A wish the heart distressing,—
For Adam was alone.

3 O God of pure affection,
By men and saints adored,
O, give us thy protection
Around this nuptial board:
May thy rich bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one.

987. L. M. C. SPRAGUE.

For the Blessing of Schools.

1 O THOU, at whose dread name we bend,
To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all, in love descend,
And bless the labors of this day.

2 Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
Fixed the proud empire of the free;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,
And Faith her altars reared to thee.

3 Here, too, to guard, through every age,
The sacred rights their valor won,
They bade instruction spread her page,
And send down truth from sire to son.

4 Here still, through all succeeding time,
Their stores may truth and learning bring,
And still the anthem-note sublime
To thee from children's children sing.

988. L. M. J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a School-house.

1 GOD of our fathers! from whose hand
Came all our lights and blessings down,—
Who this devoted, favored land
Dost with thy choicest mercy crown!

2 To Learning and to Knowledge reared—
We dedicate with prayer and praise
This edifice, to thee, revered
Above all gods, through endless days!

3 Accept the offering—deign to dwell
With thy confiding children here;
The shades of Ignorance dispel,—
In Truth's omnipotence appear!

4 Here through successive years may come
The youthful mind — fair Wisdom's guest;
Long be this house Instruction's home,
When those who reared it sink to rest.

989. 6s. & 4s. M. J. G. Adams

The Same.

1 Raise the adoring song!
Praises to God belong,
In this glad hour!
He who from worlds on high,
Spreads over earth and sky
Proofs of his majesty,
Goodness and power!

2 Praise, that Instruction's voice
Bids the young heart rejoice
In this fair land;
Praise, that the humblest mind
Wisdom's true light may find,
Ground on which all inclined
Freely may stand.

3 Source of all holiness!
With thy rich favor bless
This house of thine;
Here be true knowledge sought,
Here purest wisdom taught,
Wisdom with Freedom fraught,
Freedom divine!

990. C. M. P. H. Sweetser.

The Same.

1 Let monumental pillars rise
In majesty sublime —
Their granite columns shall decay
Before the touch of time.

2 But mind, enlightened and refined,
Shall live beyond the sky,
And heavenly sciences explore,
When time itself shall die!

3 A nobler monument we raise
Than costly marble pile—
A beacon light to lead the way
From ignorance and guile.

4 This house, with prayer, O God, we give
To truth's supreme control;
To virtue and progressive thought,
The riches of the soul.

991. L. M. ANONYMOUS

The River of Life.

1 THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.

2 In living streams behold that tide
Through Christ the rock profusely burst;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.

3 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.

4 And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

992. 8s. & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Soldier of the Cross.

1 SOLDIER, to the contest pressing,
Onward, let thy watchword be;
God upon thee pours his blessing;
What though man derideth thee!

2 Onward, though the fagot's burning
By thy pathway's only light;
Onward, death and danger spurning;
Onward in the path of right!

3 God, for all thy wants providing,
Armor trusty hath for thee;
Gird thyself, in him confiding,
With the goodly panoply:

4 Righteousness thy breast defending,
And thy feet with justice shod:
Onward; with the foe contending,
Wield thy sword, the word of God.

5 Thine the helmet of salvation,
Faith thy mighty shield shall be;
And let prayer and supplication,
Lance and glorious falchion be;

6 Onward then, with bold contending,
In the path the martyrs trod:
God to thee his strength is lending;
Onward, in the strength of God.

993. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

On Occasion of a Destructive Fire.

1 ETERNAL GOD, our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow;
With all thy wasting magazines,
How terrible art thou!

2 The flames thy messengers become,
And their destruction pour,
And that which we in strength had reared
Lies mouldered in an hour.

3 Within our pleasant places, Lord,
Destruction rears its head,
And blackened walls and smoking heaps
Along our streets are spread.

4 Lord, in this hour we come to thee,
With awe adore thy name;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatched us from the flame.

994. C. M. E. H. CHAPIN.

During or after a Great Storm.

1 AMID surrounding gloom and waste,
From nature's face we flee;
And in our fear and wonder haste
O nature's life, to thee!
Thy ways are in the mighty deep;
In tempests as they blow;
In floods that o'er our treasures sweep;
The lightning; and the snow.

2 Though earth upon its axis reels,
And heaven is veiled in wrath;
Not one of nature's million wheels
Breaks its appointed path;
Fixed in thy grasp, the sources meet
Of beauty and of awe;
In storm or calm, all pulses beat
True to the central law.

3 Thou art that law, whose will thus done
In seeming wreck and blight,
Sends the calm planets round the sun,
And pours the moon's soft light.

We trust thy love; thou best dost know
The universal peace;
How long the stormy force should blow,
And when the flood should cease.

4 And though around our path some form
Of mystery ever lies,
And life is like the calm and storm
That checker earth and skies,
Through all its mingling joy and dread,
Permit us, Holy One,
By faith to see the golden thread
Of thy great purpose run.

995. C. M. **Addison.**

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I 'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

996. L. M. H. Bacon.

Influence of Christian Woman. Matt. 26: 13.

1 "Where'er my Gospel is proclaimed,
Through the long ages yet to be,
There shall this deed of love be named
Which she this hour hath done for me."

2 Lord, while our eyes on Mary rest,
And see the precious perfume poured,
With thrilling power our thoughts invest
The sacred record of thy word.

3 We bring to God, in thy dear name,
The tribute of our grateful praise,
For many a deed, unknown to fame,
Where woman her true homage pays.

4 The wife, the mother, sister, friend,—
All holy may her influence be!
The sweetness of her kindness blend
With Temperance, Truth, and Charity.

5 Oh not a work is wrought in vain
Where love like Mary's fills the heart;
Memorials of that love remain,
A sacred influence to impart.

997. 8s. & 7s. M. J. G. Adams.

"*She hath done what she could.*" Mark 14: 8.

1 Bless, O bless, Almighty Father,
Woman's mission with our race,—
Her fond strivings here to gather
Fruits of thy redeeming grace.

2 Though her way be not where honor
Wins the gazing world's acclaim,
Yet we bless thee that upon her
Rests the power of Jesus' name.

3 In that name, O Father, strengthen
Her full heart and ready hands;
May her efforts serve to lengthen
Christian love's encircling bands.

4 Where the mourning and the needy
And the suffering faint and die,
Be her presence sure and speedy,
Mercy's blessings to supply.

5 Where old error's words are spoken,
Be truth's witness by her given,
Till, the spell of bondage broken,
Earth redeemed resembles heaven.

998. C. M. BARTON.

"Walk in the Light."

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there!

4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, — bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light!

999. L. M. ANONYMOUS

The Cause of Humanity Hopeful.

1 THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near!

2 For man has striven ages long
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer
But thou wert kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

4 But never rose within his breast,
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father! Preserver! answer thou!

5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's great aim shall yet be won!

1000. 8s. & 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Joyful Hope.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do, or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall cease thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1001. S. M. WESLEYAN

For a Holy Heart.

1 GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy holy spirit write
Thy law upon my heart.
My soul would cleave to thee;
Let nought my purpose move;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

2 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

1002. 8s. & 7s. M. WATERSTON.

"As for the truth, it endureth and is always strong."

1 THEORIES, which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all may perish;
Truth herself can never die.

2 From the glorious heavens above her,
  She has shed her beams abroad,
That the souls who truly love her,
  May become the sons of God.

3 Worldlings blindly may refuse her,
  Close their eyes and call it night;
Learned scoffers may abuse her,
  But they cannot quench her light!

4 Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
  All their glories cease to be;
While she, Christ-like, crowns the humble,
  And from bondage sets them free.

5 God himself will e'er defend her
  From the fury of her foe,
Till she, in her native splendor,
  Sits enthroned o'er all below.

1003. 7s. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

Active Benevolence.

1 In the morning sow thy seed,
  Nor at eve withhold thy hand;
Who can tell which may succeed,
  Or if both alike shall stand,
And a glorious harvest bear,
To reward the sower's care?

2 Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—
  Scenes of infamy and crime;
Suddenly, may Paradise
  Burst, as in the northern clime
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

3 Sow it with unsparing hand;
'T is the kingdom's precious seed,
'T is the Master's great command,
And his grace shall crown the deed;
He hath said, the precious grain
Never shall be sown in vain.

1004. H. M. J. G. ADAMS.

Death of a Magistrate or Public Man.

1 DEATH moves with victor's tread
In our high places, Lord!
The honorable dead
We mourn with one accord;
Our souls, oppressed, before thee bow,
Heed thou the prayer, accept the vow.

2 While thus we feel the rod
Of thine afflictive love,
Teach us, our fathers' God,
Thy justice to approve.
Though all thy ways we cannot trace,
May we not doubt thy guardian grace.

3 O keep us in thy hand,
A chosen race for thee;
And make our own loved land
The true home of the free;
Where sin shall cease, and righteousness
Forever dwell, forever bless.

1005. C. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

True Prayer.

1 THE Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for his favors seek,
In humble silence wait.

2 True prayer is not th' imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

1006. H. M.

Doxology.

Glory to God on high!
Forever bless his name;
Let earth, and seas, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim;
To him be praise
And glory given
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

1007. 7s. M.

The Same.

Praise to God! immortal praise
From the heavens, the earth, the seas!
All in one vast chorus join,
To extol the name divine!

1008. L. M.

The Same.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God, our Father, in your song!